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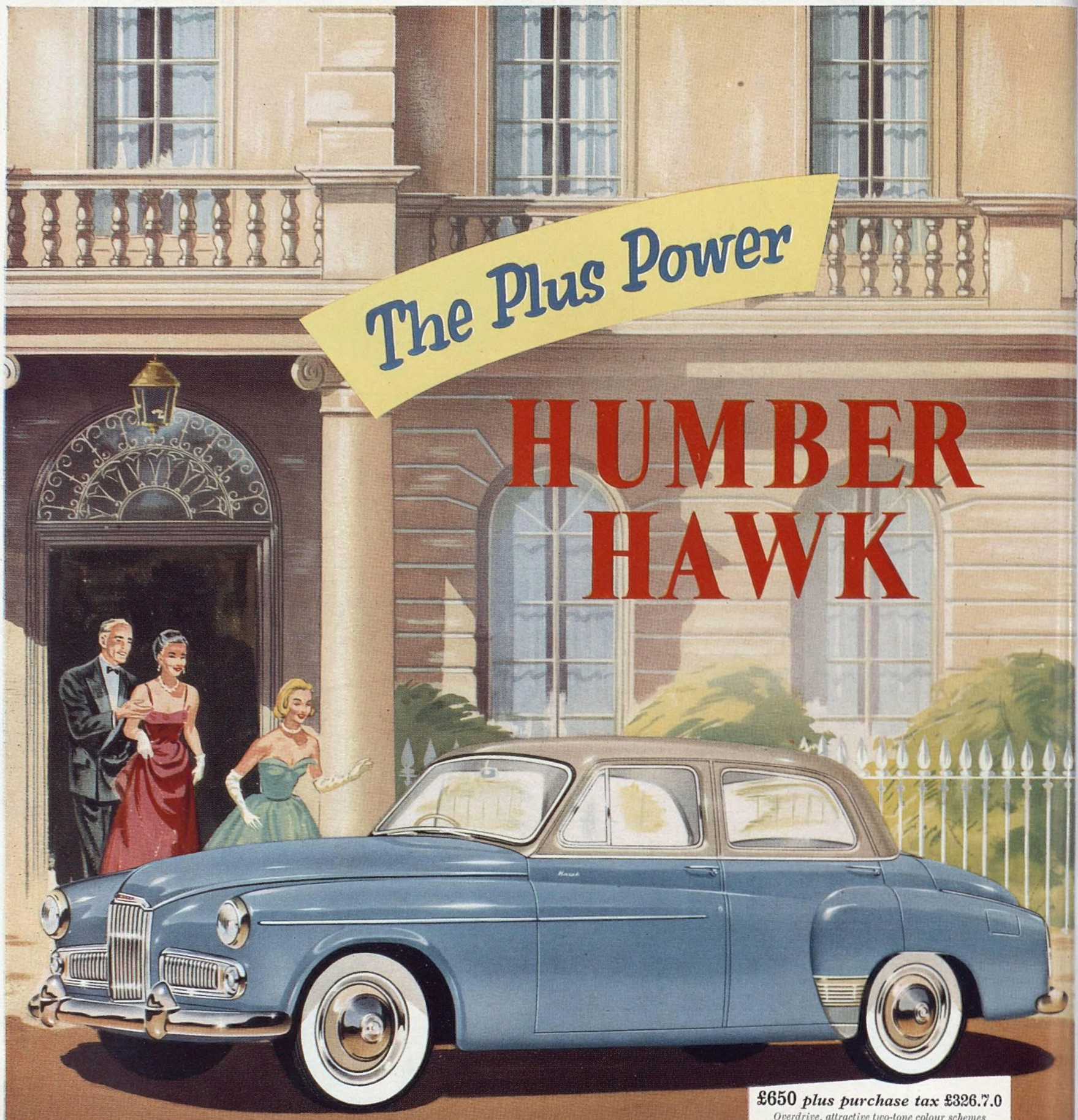

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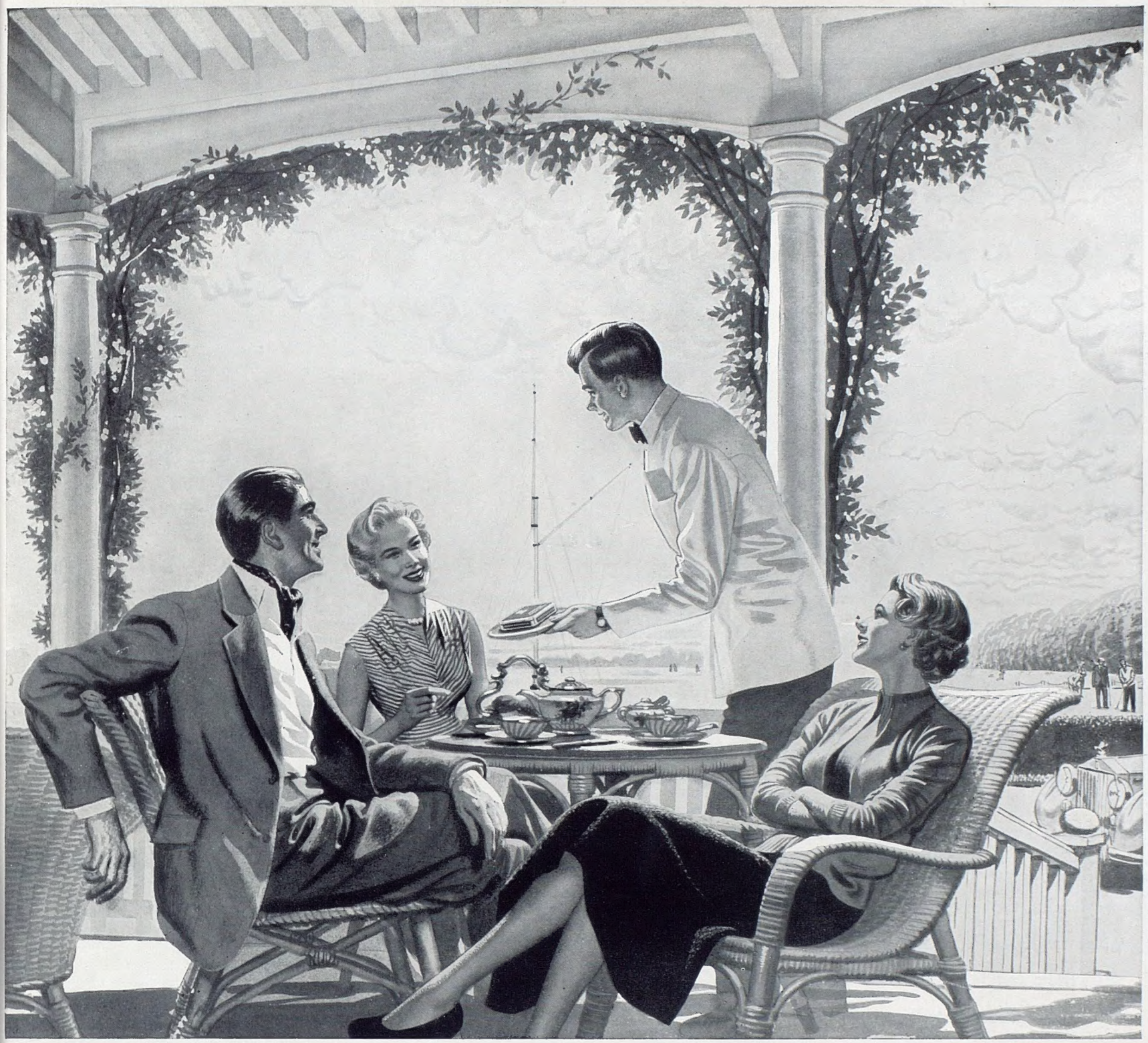

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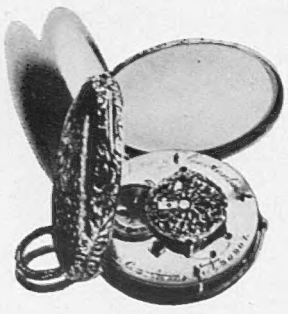

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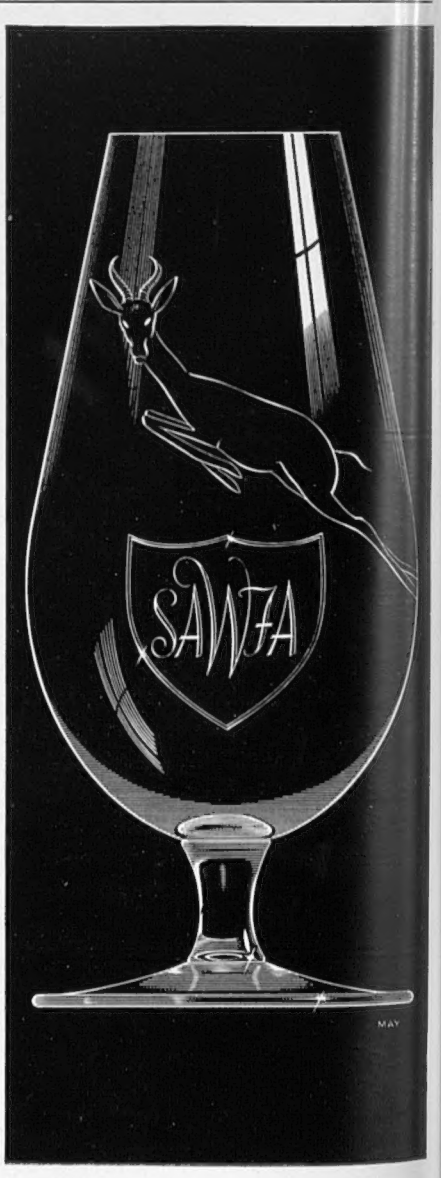

SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY

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WHEN WHIPPOORWILLS CALL, watch out! To many people in Eastern Canada and New England, a whippoorwill calling near home at night was an ill omen. The old-time safeguard was to find where the bird perched and shoot it, symbolically, by pointing the fingers and saying, "bang". Then, however shrill the whippoorwill's call, the house and its contents were safe for twenty-four hours.

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Volume CCXXVII No. 2950

The SPHERE, London, October 13, 1956

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PRINCESS MARGARET IN ZANZIBAR—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH THE SULTAN AND SULTANA, BEFORE THE STATE BANQUET: With her decorations and family orders, the Princess is wearing the Cross of the First Class of the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar, with which she had just been decorated by the Sultan. The dinner was held in the palace looking out on the Indian Ocean. Through the open windows came the sound of muffled drums as the people of Zanzibar celebrated the Royal visit.

On the third stage of her tour of East Africa, Princess Margaret spent three days in Zanzibar. The Royal yacht *Britannia* steamed into the harbour to be greeted by a fleet of gaily-decorated craft, ranging from launches and yachts to dhows and outriggers. Along the sea-front hundreds of people stood knee-deep in the water. After being greeted by Prince Abdalla, the heir apparent, the Princess went ashore and was received by the Sultan, Seyyid Sir Khalifa bin Harub, who has reigned for forty-five years. Her other engagements included a drive through the town, a tree-planting ceremony and a garden party in the grounds of the Residency. A morning was devoted to receiving the islanders of neighbouring Pemba and on Sunday, the last day of the visit, the Princess attended a service at Christ Church Cathedral. Everywhere she was given enthusiastic welcomes by the population, which numbers 260,000 and is a mixture of races—indigenous Africans, Arabs and Indians. The visit may have done much to counter current propaganda from Cairo to draw Zanzibar into the Arab movement. On Sunday afternoon the Princess left for Tanganyika.

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WINE-TASTING UNDER LONDON BRIDGE

THE LORD MAYOR AT LONDON'S ANNUAL TASTING OF FRENCH WINES: Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd is accompanied by other guests during his tour of the stands in the candle-lit cellars of J. L. P. Lebègue and Co. Ltd., under London Bridge. This year there were nearly 200 different French wines on show and, as usual, they were displayed in rows on long tables and grouped in districts and vintages. On one stand the guests were able to compare all First Growth Clarets of the three best recent years, 1955, 1953 and 1952. On another there were recent vintages of Chateau d'Yquem not yet placed on the market.

TESTING THE WINE FOR COLOUR AND BOUQUET: The Rev. Bruno Scott James, of Stratton-on-the-Fosse, near Bath, and, on left, André L. Simon, President of the Wine and Food Society, examine the qualities of the wine. The wine-tasting in the Lebègue cellars is attended each year by distinguished personalities including Ambassadors, connoisseurs, châteaux owners from France, growers and wine merchants. It is probably the most important and extensive display of its kind in the world.

LADIES' DAY: Three of the guests who attended the Ladies' Only Day during "Lebègue's Wine Week" are, from left, Madame Albert Bichot, Madame Jean Dussère and Miss Marghanita Laski. The Ladies' Day was introduced at this year's tasting. Among the only men present in the cellars were French châteaux owners who acted as guides to the wines to aid guests.

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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Conservatives in Conference.—The political Party conferences held at big watering-places in autumn usually open with a promise of fireworks and bitter splits and often end in a broadly united front, with any cracks nicely pasted over. The Liberals have been at it, the Socialists have been at it. Now it is the Conservatives' turn. The Liberals chose a new leader, the Socialists a new Treasurer. With adroit contortions, the pasters did their jobs, Mr. Gaitskell excelling himself. His Party is pasted up for a move to the Left to achieve the three equalities, social equality, equality of opportunity and equality of wealth—and what they mean and by what means to be attained are anybody's guess. The next election is to be won on providing homes for the people. The sleuths tells us the Tories are restive. There are 30 per cent. more resolutions, many critical of the Government, than last year, when there were plenty. The general trend of criticism is that the Government is afraid of Conservatism—whatever conservatism means to-day. The critics—to judge by the resolutions—suggest that Conservatism means courage to help professional men and the middle classes and businesses by taxation reliefs and to show more resolution in dealing with the demands and the tyranny of trade unions. The Party slogan in 1954 was "Invest in Success." Things looked bright. In 1955 clouds were gathering but statesmanship and resolution and united effort would disperse them. There was still a note of hope. Now, in 1956, hope is being abandoned and Conservatism (as *The Times* put it) seems to some Tories to be sinking, under the weight of unforeseen setbacks, into "the equal division of misery" which Labour policy was once labelled. Certainly, if this conference can carry a convincing resolution setting forth how the Government will henceforth lead the nation to unity and prosperity, it will be well received. But a strong resolution that it should to-day "lead the nation rather than wet-nurse the masses" will not receive nation-wide approval. Perhaps Tory critics of Toryism are impatient and ask too much. A Suez is an out-size spanner to find quite unexpectedly in the machine you have been oiling and tuning-up, and "wet-nursing the masses" has been so assiduously practised by all Governments for so many years that it is no easy task for Tory statesmen to fit the masses with small clothes and send them to school to learn simple arithmetic. But I expect, while the professional men draw in their belts and hope on, and with falling profits and ugly new bills to meet, the paste-pot will, when the conference ends, produce a façade reasonably solid. A slight majority of the nation will be prepared still to trust the Government to do the best it can to pull the chestnuts out of the international furnace and the domestic hearth, with the frail implements at its disposal.

LORD MONTGOMERY AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

REVISITING A FAMILIAR SCENE: Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, addresses a gathering in the Hall at St. Paul's School. The occasion was the unveiling by Viscount Montgomery of a plaque which, in a Latin inscription, commemorates the fact that the School was used as headquarters for the invasion of Europe in 1944. The Field Marshal was then Commander-in-Chief in Northern France. Mr. A. N. Gilkes, the High Master, sits on the left of Lord Montgomery, who is an Old Pauline.

German Contribution to N.A.T.O.—The Bonn Government, without consulting N.A.T.O., announced its decision to limit compulsory service to twelve months. The N.A.T.O. war chiefs have always regarded eighteen months as the very minimum to train a soldier for modern war, and the N.A.T.O. Council will view with alarm the capability of Germany to fulfil her obligations. The Bonn Government asserts that it will fulfil those obligations by quantity rather than quality. It occurs to me that this German army is rather like nuclear weapons as regarded by a modern Power capable of producing them. It needs such weapons for its defence while it is terrified of them. So with the Germany Army. If it be "democratic," it is welcome. If it be composed largely of S.S. volunteers, listening to records of the voice of the Führer, it may bite the hands that feed it severally before it contributes to the defence of the West as a whole. The French feel this anxiety. N.A.T.O. is more instantly concerned with the effect of the Bonn slash on other N.A.T.O. countries whose military service is at present longer, and whose peoples are restive. Norway and Denmark are known to be "restive" under sixteen months. Holland and Belgium both wish to reduce their terms. Britain, still loyally enduring two years, can hardly resist much longer a reduction in the face of trade competition from these rivals and Opposition and industrial clamour at home. If the example of Bonn leads to reductions all round, the dormant doubts about the effectiveness of N.A.T.O. forces are bound to reawaken. Dr. Adenauer has recently revived his idea of a European Federation. Perhaps America will take note of these matters and see the importance of showing greater sympathy with the efforts of France and Britain to reach a firm and a just settlement of the Suez question. But the Presidential election is still some weeks ahead. I feel that of late the Supreme and Deputy Commanders at N.A.T.O. headquarters must have endured frustration, discouragement and anxiety in a high degree and have found it more and more difficult to issue interim reports of satisfactory progress. If the forces of N.A.T.O. are to preserve any life and spirit, they should be used for the dangers that exist and not merely trained for the danger which has receded—the danger which caused their laborious recruitment.

Vulcan Tragedy.—After flying 25,000 miles at an incredible average speed, after testing every variety of flying weather and conditions of temperature, after taking-off from and landing-on a score of different types of airfields, our exhaustively-tested and approved new giant four-engined and delta-wing jet bomber crashed at the moment of final triumph on what we believed to be the best-controlled and safest airport in the world. From it every hour of the day the world's air travellers take-off; on it they land and go their ways, as do men arriving from the suburbs at Waterloo or Liverpool Street for the day's work, with never a silent prayer for safe deliverance from peril. It is poignant enough. The weather was bad over the airport but the emergency regulations are designed to overcome worse conditions, and "talking down" is said to be almost foolproof. The disaster is *sub judice*. Anyway, it is an affair for experts, but in view of all the tests successfully passed during that long flight to Australia and back, the makers were surely justified in an interim expression of their belief that there is nothing wrong with the construction of the giant. Liability to accident from human error must always be reckoned as a risk till crews and ground staffs are all replaced by robots, and even then some human agency, liable to error, must set the robots to work. But it is difficult to imagine a degree of poignancy greater and sharper than invests this latest air disaster.

The Rule of the Road.—It has long been "a paradox quite." The new regulations which Parliament gave much time to during two recent sessions are now in force, or will become so on November 1. The new code does not, of course, hope to secure that it will be obeyed. Penalties exist for disobedience, indeed, but there are not enough police to enforce them. The 20- and 30-m.p.h. restricted vehicles will still roar down A 1, A 2 and A 3 at 50 m.p.h. plus. But for more serious offences the police will be better armed, the courts and juries better discouraged from sentimentalism. And at

last, walkers and cyclists are to be numbered among the potential authors of their own and motorists' destruction. One paradox the new rules does remove, and magistrates will be thankful for its removal. The law as to "drunk in charge" will no longer be a farce, a scandal and a gross injustice. The man who, knowing he is incapable, sits in his car but makes no attempt to drive, will no longer be equally guilty with the drunkard who weaves his way through the traffic. It will soon be an offence to sell or hire out an unroadworthy car, and drivers who have not taken out a licence for ten years must undergo another test and it may cost them and all neophytes more. The magistrates will be less befogged by the regulations affecting the authorised speed of unladen goods vehicles, but will still be in doubt about the category of certain light estate-car types. So, off we go again on the crest of a new "high" in road casualties.

"They Shut the Road."—The Christ Church Meadow road is not yet even a blue-print. The controversy over Oxford's traffic problem is quite likely to hold up the blue-print, let alone postpone the use of the road, for years to come. The correspondent to *The Times*' symposium who expressed the hope (based on his belief that *a generation hence* the motor-car will be as obsolete as the stage-coach) that the Minister is preparing parallel plans to remove the road as soon as it is in working order, makes me wish I had been born yesterday and not in Queen Victoria's reign. If "a generation hence" we can hope to enjoy the English country, cut up only by lanes and bridle paths, cleared of petrol stations, free from fumes and ground noises, how pleasant it will be to learn again the use of our legs. No doubt the skies will be darker and the aerodromes will reduce our food-growing capacity to some extent. No doubt the noises in the air will be even more terrible. But Science can devise noise silencers, and it would be wonderful in one's middle age to walk, with one's eyes on the ground and not at the back of one's head, across England's green and pleasant land as depicted in Caldecott's drawings of John Gilpin.

Bolshoi Ballet.—I worked it out with my eyes, ears and a ruler that in the last few days before Wednesday, October 3, the subject of the Bolshoi Ballet occupied more newspaper space and public interest than Suez. I felt anxious all that day of the opening with *Romeo and Juliet*, and felt greatly relieved by the critical reviews on Thursday morning. How frightful if a majority of critics had reported disappointment or declared that the show was second-rate and hardly worth all the propaganda stunts engineered to cram the first house and congest the streets leading to the Opera House and bring out all the black-market fraternity in profitable ticket traffic. Of course, I had no justification for anxiety. We knew what to expect from the Bolshoi. We were in no doubt as to the intensity of balletomania in London. But—to enter the field of fantastic speculation—suppose the Bolshoi Company were in truth a second-rate affair and that the whole business had been a gigantic propaganda stunt, from the coming of Nina to the planned intervention of two Foreign Offices and a carefully-organised symposium of passionate correspondence and Ministerial pronouncements, could that "all-time high" record in advance propaganda have succeeded in persuading the critics to praise and the public to support non-stop a second-rate entertainment? We shall never know the answer.

The Three Equalities.—Of all the equalities to be obtained by a Labour Government, the first, Social Equality, might well be the best vote-winner. Curiously enough, it is, of the three, the most lightly sketched by the planners. We are left uncertain what it implies and how it is to be secured. It might mean merely abolishing hereditary titles and curbing the Monarch from still allocating a few picturesque offices to members of the old nobility, and persuading the Royal Family to choose their personal friends from a wider and less select class. Or it might mean liquidating society columnists who boost debutantes and profiteers and socialites. (But I fancy these nuisances are already more "Left" than Right at heart.) Or it might mean preventing the families of technicians from thinking themselves socially higher and entitled to greater display than those of unskilled workers. (But even the Russians have found that impossible.) I doubt, then—and I think the Labour planners doubt—whether this reform will come about, but I am quite in agreement that, in our half-baked democracy to-day, a certain amount of "privilege" is still practised and to a certain extent stands in the way of "Equality of Opportunity."

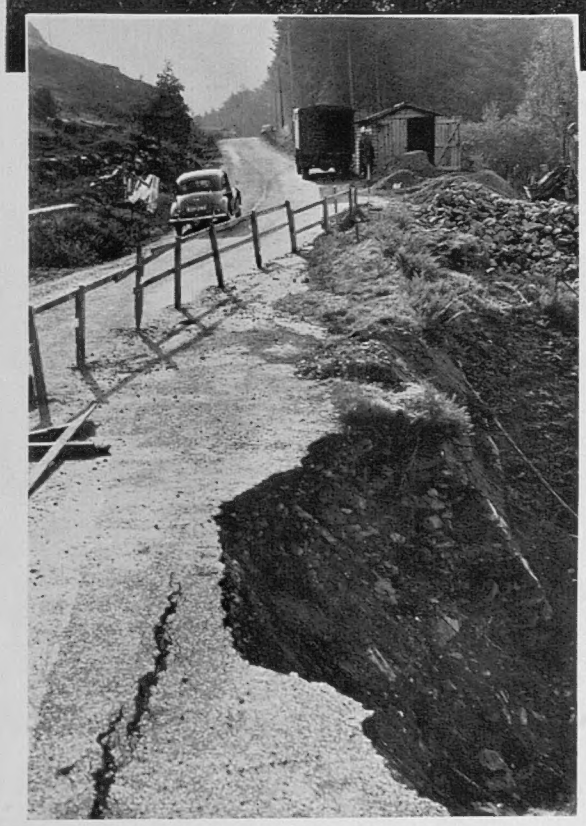
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE 1956 MOTOR SHOW

A Survey by "The Sphere" Motoring Correspondent, Illustrated with Drawings by Cavendish Morton and with Photographs

REPAIRS ON THE APPROACH TO A SCOTTISH BEAUTY SPOT



A HIGHLAND STRONGHOLD: Eilean Donan stands on Loch Duich where it opens out into Loch Alsh (right). Linked to the mainland only by a narrow causeway, the castle was easy to defend in the days of clan feuds. The road overlooking this fine view, popular with tourists, collapsed earlier this year, but repairs are nearly complete.

Eilean Donan, on Loch Duich, which opens out into Loch Alsh near Skye, is one of the most famous beauty spots in the Highlands of Scotland. In March this year cracks began to appear in the concrete surface of the road which overlooks Eilean Donan, and a repair squad was put to work to remedy the damage. On the day they started work, a large section of the embankment supporting the road collapsed. Its foundations had been seriously undermined by water flooding out of an old choked drain, and weakened still further by the cars and buses which always stopped at this point to admire the view over the Loch.

Now, seven months later, the work of restoring the road surface is mostly complete. About another two months' work remains to be done. The former embankment has been rebuilt and greatly strengthened by a thick wall and buttress containing over 1,000 tons of concrete. The wall is 120 ft. long and 16 ft. thick. The road is unlikely to collapse again, whatever the weather or the number of spectators' cars.

On left—

A ROAD COLLAPSES: The road overlooking Eilean Donan was undermined by water from a choked drain, and overstrained by tourists' vehicles. Cracks appeared, and the supporting embankment (on right) finally collapsed. *Below*—Work progresses on the new embankment.

MOSCOW STARS IN LONDON

Leading Personalities of the Bolshoi Ballet Company off-stage at the Royal Opera House in London

ULANOVA IN HER DRESSING-ROOM: The outstanding personality of the Bolshoi Ballet sits in costume in her dressing-room at Covent Garden before dancing on the opening night in Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*. The laurel wreath above her carries a streamer expressing all good wishes from the Sadler's Wells Company, many members of which were present to see her performance. The forty-seven-year-old prima ballerina, who is known as the "Darling of the Moscow ballet public," achieved a great personal triumph on her first appearance in London.

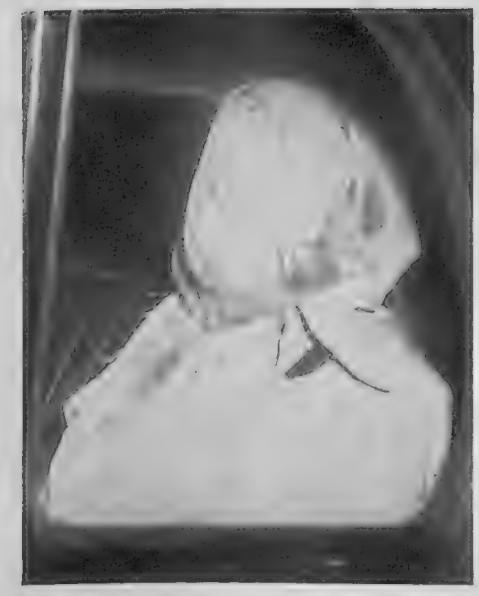
LEADING DANCERS OF THE BOLSHOI BALLET: From the left are Yuri Zhdanov, who dances Romeo to Ulanova's Juliet, Alexander Lapauri, who is Paris in the same ballet, and Raissa Struchkova. They are at a Press conference in Covent Garden.

THE PRIMA BALLERINA AND HER SUCCESSOR: Galina Ulanova (centre) stands in the foyer of Covent Garden with Raissa Struchkova (right) and Suzanna Zdgazina (left). Struchkova is considered to be next in line of succession to Ulanova.

HUSBAND AND WIFE: Ulanova and her husband, who is also a member of the ballet company, pose for photographers at the Royal Opera House. *On right*—A group of dancers from the Bolshoi ballet is gathered in the foyer of Covent Garden theatre.

Bolshoi Ballet Preparations

The Company Arrives in London from Moscow and Starts Rehearsals at Covent Garden



THE CAMERA-SHY PRIMA BALLERINA : *On left*—Ulanova, the principal dancer of the Moscow Bolshoi Theatre Ballet, covers her face as she leaves Covent Garden after the first rehearsals in London. *On right*—The prima ballerina later relents and removes her veil.

THE DIRECTOR SPEAKS : Mr. Chulakai, the Director of the Bolshoi Ballet, stands on the left as he faces a Press conference at Covent Garden. He explained the difficulties his dancers faced because they did not arrive until very shortly before the opening of their season.

IN SMILING MOOD : On the second day of her stay in London Ulanova is smiling as she drives to the theatre. During the Bolshoi season she is expected to appear seven times in *Romeo and Juliet* and twice in *Giselle*.

After many diplomatic alarms and excursions because of the case of Nina Ponomareva and the hats, the Bolshoi Ballet arrived in London two days before the opening of their season at the Royal Opera House, in Covent Garden. This late arrival presented a number of difficulties, especially with regard to rehearsals. But by goodwill and energy from all concerned all problems were overcome by the opening night, except that the first performance of *Swan Lake* had to be postponed from Friday of last week to the following Monday.

SELECTING THE BRITISH "SUPERS" FOR THE BOLSHOI : At the Sadler's Wells Ballet School, Mr. L. A. Pospekhin, the Bolshoi Ballet master, listens while a discussion takes place regarding members of the school he wishes to have as "supers" for the Bolshoi in its performances at the Royal Opera House. The students look on anxiously.

A DESIRE TO PLEASE: Mr. Chulakai, the Ballet's Director, tells the Press that the Bolshoi dancers wish to give London their best performances.

A SCENE IN A PERFORMANCE WHICH WAS RECEIVED WITH GREAT ENTHUSIASM: Members of the Moscow Bolshoi Ballet are grouped during their first performance of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The dancers were given a tremendous ovation at the opening of their three-and-a-half-week season.

AT COVENT GARDEN

The Bolshoi Company in "Romeo and Juliet" in London

The 2,500 people who were privileged to be the audience at Covent Garden on Wednesday of last week were participating in a historic occasion. It was the first time the Bolshoi Ballet of Moscow had performed abroad for 200 years. And it was rare in recent years that such wild enthusiasm had been shown even by British balletomanes. After the final curtain, speeches were made by Mr. David Webster, the General Administrator of Covent Garden, and Mr. Chulakai, the Director of the Bolshoi. Both pointed out how much co-operation had been achieved in putting on the ballet after the delay in the company's arrival from Moscow, and both described it as a great cultural event. The corps of 150 was led in Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* by Zhdanov and Ulanova in the title-roles. They received, on the whole, good notices from the critics. The modern production of Russian ballet seems to give considerable attention to mime and to crowd scenes. The audience included many distinguished people. Among them were Sir Anthony and Lady Eden, members of the Diplomatic Corps and British ballet stars.

THE DEATH OF MERCUTIO : In the first murder scene in *Romeo and Juliet* at Covent Garden, Mercutio (danced by Sergei Koren) dies after he has been stabbed by Tybalt (Konstantine Rikhter) and falls into the arms of Romeo (Yuri Zhdanov). A notable feature of the Bolshoi Company's production is the grouping of the corps as the crowd in Prokofiev's ballet, for which the choreographer is L. Lavrovsky. It is conducted by Yuri Fayer and the designer for the nineteen scenes is P. Williams.

THREE STAGES IN THE TRAGEDY : *Left*—Friar Laurence (Eric Volodin) marries Romeo and Juliet (Yuri Zhdanov and Galina Ulanova) in the wedding ceremony in the cell. *Right*—Romeo and Juliet exchange confessions of love in the first act of the ballet. *On extreme left*—A crowd is gathered round two principals in a typical scene in the production. The opening night at Covent Garden Royal Opera House was the first occasion on which the Bolshoi Ballet had danced outside Russia for 200 years.

THE QUEEN MOTHER ATTENDS A SCOTTISH WEDDING: Captain Alexander Ramsay leaves St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire, with his bride, the Hon. Flora Fraser. Queen Ingrid of Denmark, who is a cousin of the bridegroom, and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother were present at the wedding. Captain Ramsay, who is the only son of Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsay and Lady Patricia Ramsay, is also a great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and Royal permission had to be obtained to allow the marriage to take place. His bride is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Saltoun. The wedding service was conducted by the Rector of St. Peter's, the Rev. J. H. F. Wilson, and the best man was Colonel Peter Thorne, Assistant Serjeant-at-Arms at the House of Commons. After the marriage a reception was held for the wedding guests at Cairnbulg Castle, Fraserburgh, the home of the Fraser family

ROYAL GUESTS AT FRASERBURGH: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, followed by Queen Ingrid of Denmark, leaves St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Fraserburgh, at the end of the wedding of Captain Alexander Ramsay and the Hon. Flora Fraser. On the extreme right is Lord Saltoun, the father of the bride, and behind him, Lord Aberdeen.

AMONG THE GUESTS AT FRASERBURGH: The Earl and Countess of Southesk arrive at the local church to attend the wedding service.

WEDDINGS IN TWO FAITHS

In Scotland and London

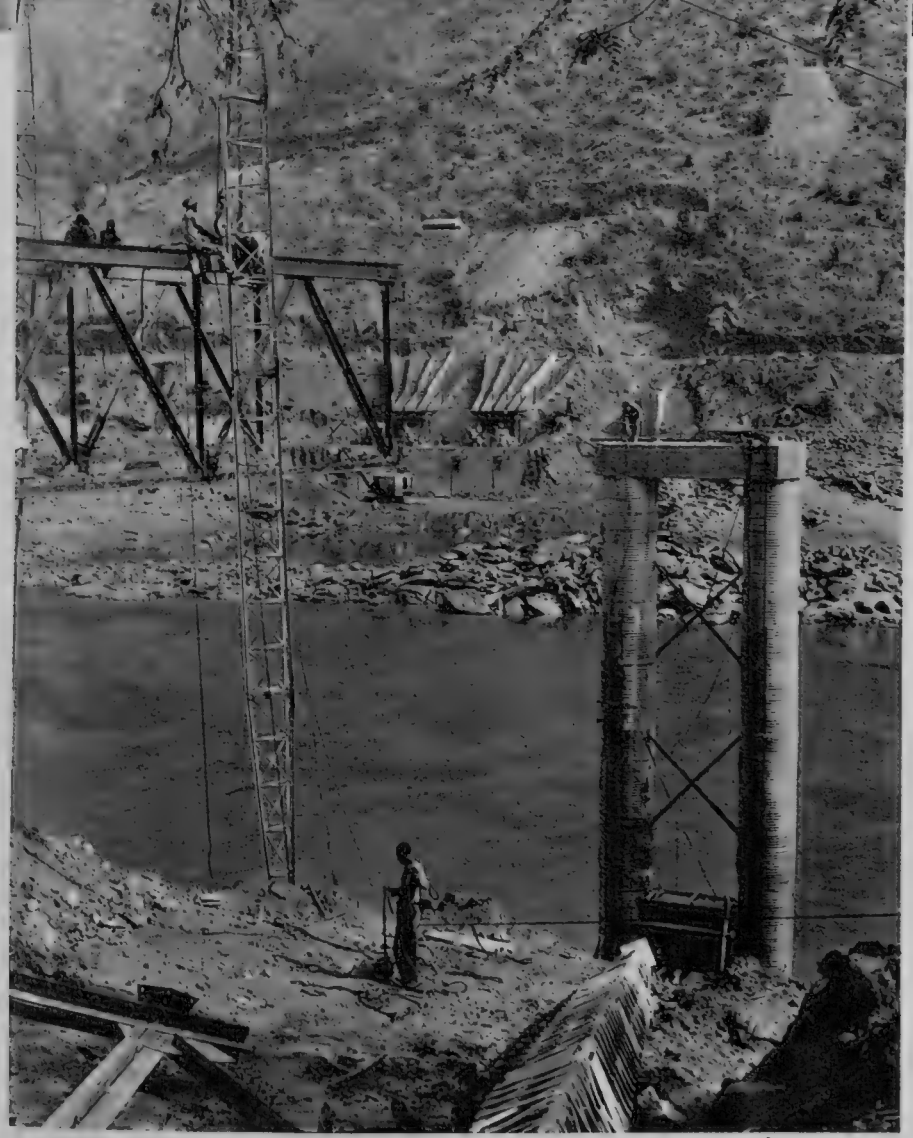
On left—

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE: The Hon. Flora Fraser enters St. Peter's Episcopal Church for her wedding. She wore a gown of white *peau-de-soie* with a tight-fitting bodice, a high neckline finished with a little Peter Pan collar, and full leg-of-mutton sleeves. The bride's tulle veil was held in place by a delicate circlet ornamented with pink and white pearls.

AN INDIAN RAJA IS MARRIED IN LONDON: His Highness Raja Surendra Sinh, of Alirajpur, sits with his bride, Miss Mennakshi Kumari Ahuja, on cushions during their wedding at India House in Aldwych. The bridegroom, aged thirty-three, is Principal Private Secretary to Mrs. Pandit, the Indian High Commissioner in London. The bride, who is twenty years old, is the daughter of Mrs. Pandit's doctor.

A SOLEMN MOMENT IN THE COLOURFUL HINDU WEDDING: Miss Mennakshi Kumari Ahuja, the bride, places a garland on the shoulders of her Raja bridegroom. This was the first Hindu wedding ceremony ever to take place in India House in London. It was performed by Mr. Shankar Joshi, a barrister and member of a Hindu Priest family. Raja Surendra Sinh, of Alirajpur, was educated in England at Marlborough.

WORK BEGINS ON THE KARIBA DAM : This view of the Kariba Gorge, in Rhodesia, shows the spot at which the great dam will rise. In the foreground is a mechanical shovel. Spanning the Zambesi are (on right) a cable carrying a temporary hoist which contains a party of labourers ; the beginnings of a road bridge ; and (in background) a slender footbridge used by workers.



A BRIDGE FOR THE ZAMBESI : White and African workers build a road bridge at the dam site. On right are two of the supports to carry the framework of the bridge (left). In the background, preliminary work begins on one of the power stations.

POWER FOR AFRICA

Preliminary Work on the Kariba Gorge Hydro-Electric Scheme, in Rhodesia, is well Under Way

Work on the Kariba Gorge hydro-electric scheme has begun. This project will give electric power to Central Africa, enabling the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland to develop its industrial potential on a scale impossible in the past. Quite apart from the need to supply power for the Federation's future industries, those already existing, especially in the Copperbelt, are crying out for more power to enable them to expand. It is recognised that only industrialisation on the grand scale can raise the Africans' standard of living, and that this is the only long-term solution to political problems. The Federation's resources of coal for generating electricity are limited, so she must use her mountains and her rivers—especially the Zambesi and its tributaries—for exploiting hydro-electric power. Such power places less of a strain on communications (no coal need be transported) and is cheaper.

The Kariba Gorge, on the Zambesi, was chosen in preference to other sites as it offered the greatest room for expansion, the biggest potential output and the cheapest source of power. The most prominent feature of the project will be a great dam across the Gorge near the confluence of the Zambesi with the Sanyati River, one of its tributaries. This will rise 400 ft. above the bed of the river, and will be 1,800 ft. long. It will be nearly 50 ft. higher than the Victoria Falls, farther up the Zambesi. The damming of the river will create a vast artificial lake—the largest in the world, 150 miles long, covering an area of 1,600 square miles.

The lake will be used to balance the flow of the Zambesi throughout the seasons, so that an even output of power can be achieved. Water will pass from the lake to two underground power stations sunk in the walls of the Gorge on each bank, after which it will flow back to the river below the dam. In the initial stages of the project six turbines and generators will be installed in one power station, leaving room for more in the second. When the whole scheme is complete, total power output may reach 1,600,000 h.p. The power will be distributed throughout the Federation by overhead lines.

(Continued on page 55)

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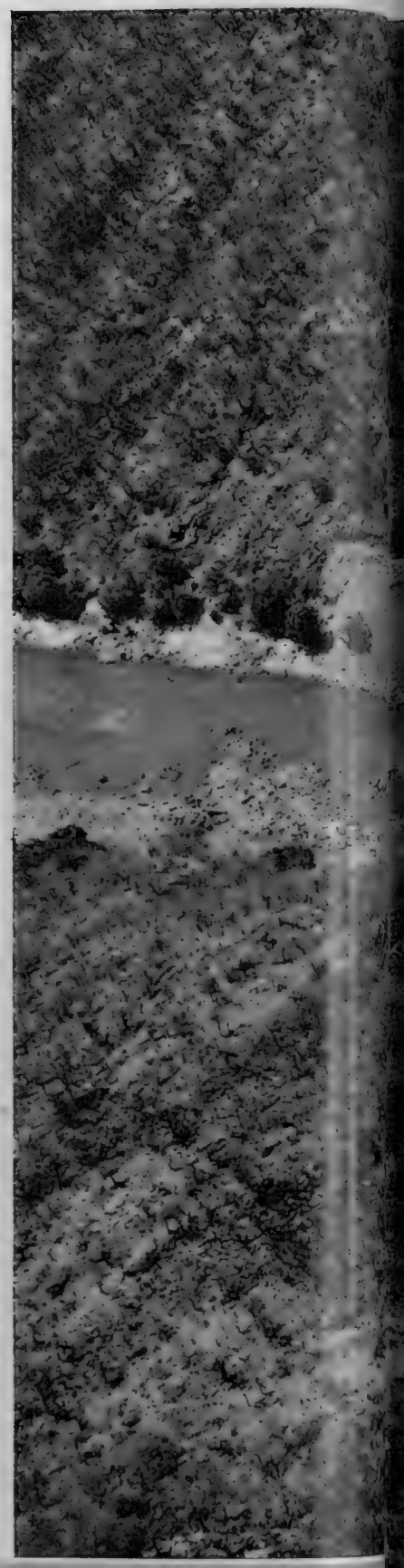
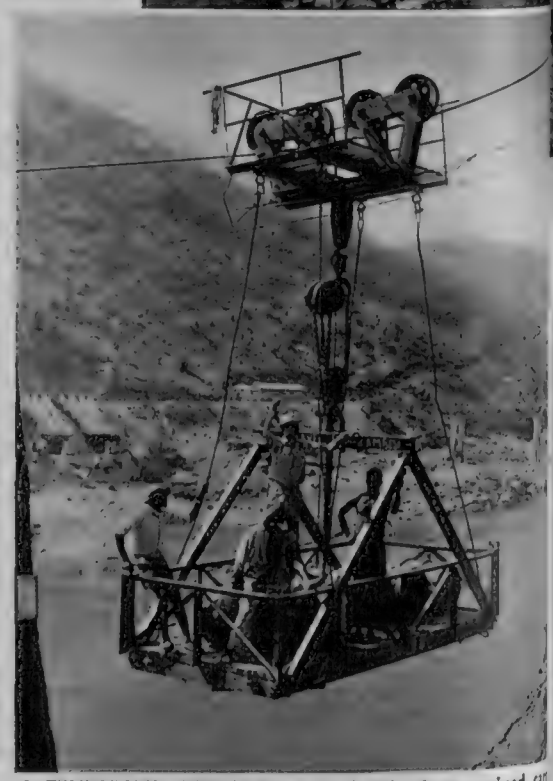


HOUSING FOR THE WORKERS: This scattered colony of new houses will accommodate the several hundred European labourers and staff who will work on the project. In the foreground are houses for married couples and their families. The large building in the left background is a clubhouse. Behind it and on its right are small houses for single men, while those on the far left are for single women. Eventually, about 1,250 Italians will occupy most of this little "town." Nearby is situated another colony for African labourers. *On right*—Large bungalows are provided for married men at Kariba.

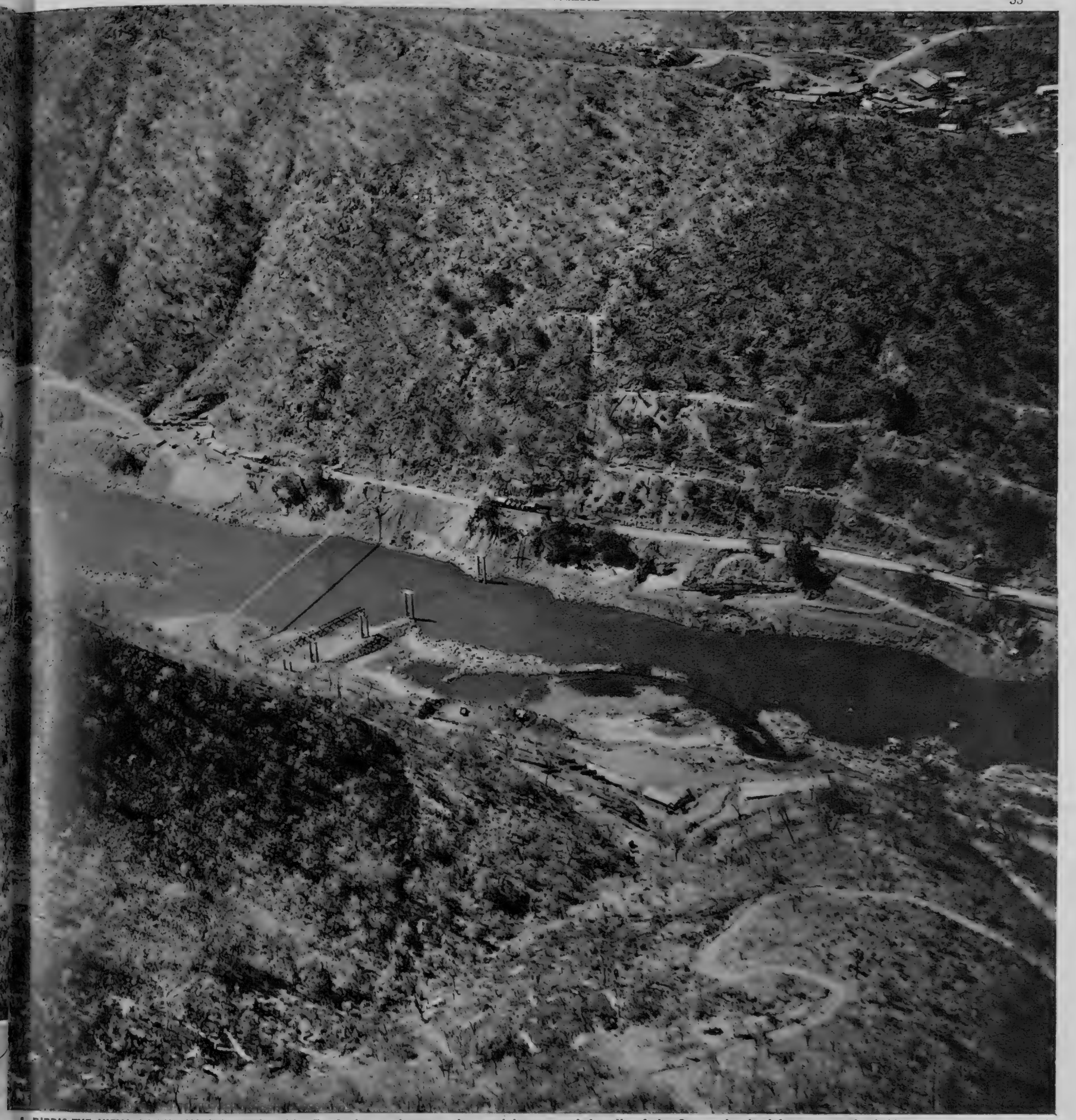
POWER FOR AFRICA

(*Continued*)

THE ZAMBESI DIVERTED: The tunnel, which has just been completed, will carry away the diverted waters of the river while the dam is being built. It forms part of the preliminary work which has been done by British firms. The big pipe running into the tunnel supplies fresh air to workers inside, and extracts the foul air.



A TEMPORARY EXPEDIENT: A hoist ferries a mixed car across the Zambesi on a cable. It will be replaced a bridge which is being built in the backgrou



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE KARIBA GORGE: The Zambesi runs between the precipitous, wooded walls of the Gorge. In the left centre, a footbridge spans the river. On its right, work begins on a road bridge. The supporting pillars are ready, and the framework has begun to extend from the nearside bank. On the far bank, a road runs beside the river, allowing equipment to be brought to the site. The curving line in the river (on right) marks the foundations of the first coffer dam, a temporary structure which will partially block the river, so that work can begin on one section of the main dam. Another coffer dam will allow the work to be completed.

(*Continued from page 53*)

radiating from a switching station overlooking the Gorge. It is hoped that the first power station may be producing power by about 1961. A "by-product" of the scheme will be the irrigation of many hundreds of thousands of acres of surrounding arable land by the waters of the artificial lake.

Before work can begin on the dam itself, two other major engineering tasks must be completed. The first is the cutting of a tunnel through which the waters of the Zambesi can be diverted to allow construction of the dam. Well over 1,000 yards long, running through solid rock, this has just been completed. Secondly, it is necessary to build temporary coffer dams, each of which will block off a part of the river so that the foundations of the major dam can be sunk behind their shelter. Preliminary work on the first of these coffer dams has begun.

Essential to the project as a whole has been the construction of communications and housing in the neighbourhood to cater for the traffic and the people involved. As in the case of many such schemes, Kariba is isolated and inaccessible. Roads and bridges on the site and leading to it, both permanent and temporary, have had to be built before work could begin at all. An airport has been constructed for bringing in supplies and personnel, but this will be obliterated when the artificial lake is formed. Complete "towns" for both European and African workers have sprung up for which all amenities have been or will be provided. These will include shops, schools, etc., for which Crown land has been allocated. There have been some allegations of bad living conditions among Nyasaland workers in the African settlement, but these have originated principally with extremist African politicians opposed to the Federation. These reports, arising from some complaints concerning temporary living quarters which are being replaced, have been largely discounted in the report of a party of Nyasaland chiefs who investigated them. They describe living and working conditions as "good on the whole."

At any one time, there will be about 600 European and over 4,000 African labourers at work on the site. Among the European labourers, Italians predominate. Several hundreds are already on the site and are arriving at the rate of over 100 a month. Their numbers will amount to about 500. In October alone, 120 will have come to Kariba. When housing is available, their families will join them, bringing the total strength of the Italian colony to about 1,250. The contractors for most of the project are an Italian combine of four companies known as Impresit. It will be responsible for the dam, the first power station, the switching station, and for most of the work on the coffer dams and on the permanent and temporary roads and buildings in the immediate vicinity of the site. Contracts so far awarded for housing and for machinery and electrical installations have been given to British firms, while the construction of the tunnel and the preliminary work on the first coffer dam were also undertaken by a British company.

The entire Kariba project may cost about £113,000,000. Of this, the initial stages, involving the bringing into operation of the first of the two power stations, will cost about £80,000,000. Over £28,000,000 is being lent by the World Bank and £18,000,000 is coming from the Colonial Development Corporation and other British sources. In Rhodesia, the Government, together with banks and firms which will have a stake in the new power, are providing £34,000,000 between them. By far the biggest single contract, that awarded to Impresit, is worth over £25,000,000.

OCTOBER IN PARIS

The French Capital Comes to Life Again After the Summer Holidays

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW OPENS: Visitors crowd around the manufacturers' stands on the opening day of the Salon de l'Automobile, the "Earl's Court" of Paris. Twenty-six British makes were represented, and thirty-four French. Eight other countries contributed fifty-five more makes.

PARIS, October.

THE news of the British Royal visit to Paris in April—the loveliest month of the year in France—has been greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by the French nation at large and by the Parisians in particular. Republicans proverbially love Royalty, and if the Royal visitor is a Queen, young and gracious, then the gallantry of the Parisians as well as their sense of hospitality is aroused.

I remember the arrival of the Queen—then Princess Elizabeth—with the Duke of Edinburgh soon after their marriage. They had hoped to stay in the French capital as private visitors, but President Vincent Auriol refused to allow the Royal visitors to pass without official recognition, and insisted on transforming their stay into the next best thing to a State visit, with a gala performance at the Opera, a reception at the Palace of Versailles and another at the beautiful Hôtel de Lauzun, on the island of St. Louis.

In the spring the Queen and the Duke will see it all again, but with more ceremonial. President René Coty will greet them on their arrival, probably at the little station at the Bois de Boulogne reserved for Royal visitors, and they will ride with him in open cars across Paris and down the Champs Elysées—a processional way unmatched in the world, with its great, broad avenue sweeping down from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde. They will be guests of the President at the Elysée, and there will be held, as is customary, a reception for the Diplomatic Corps. Another reception for the leading members of the British colony will be held at the British Embassy, where the present Queen stayed on her last visit.

The French, piqued at the United States Government's policy during the Suez Canal crisis, will do their utmost to make of the Queen's presence in their capital an opportunity to manifest the unity and solidarity of France and Great Britain, and in the speeches which will proliferate during the visit many allusions will be made to Edward VII, the founder of the Entente Cordiale, whose policy of close friendship with France is being continued by his great-granddaughter.

October in Paris is the most crowded and eventful season of the year, with the Salon de l'Automobile, a Medical Congress, the reopening of the theatres, most of which shut down during the summer, the autumn displays of the great dressmakers, and the return of the Deputies to the National Assembly.

A laudable effort has been made to mitigate the congestion caused by the Automobile Salon, which is held in the Grand Palais, in the heart of the main traffic streams of the capital. The long-projected tunnel under the Place de l'Alma was finally opened on the eve of the Salon, and helps to speed up eastbound and westbound traffic. The quays of the Seine between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont de l'Alma have also been made accessible to automobilists eager to by-pass both bridges and the intermediate Pont des Invalides.

But since more and more cars stream from the factories each year, and Paris alone will soon have 1,000,000 motor vehicles, or one for every four of the population, any improvement in the traffic situation can only be temporary. Parking alone presents an almost insuperable problem. Next year the Salon and other annual exhibitions will be moved out to the Porte de Versailles, where a big new Palais des Expositions is being built, but this will probably only result in a morning-and-evening stampede of cars to and from the Porte de Versailles. It is not surprising that the Prefects of Police, who have the chief responsibility for Paris traffic problems, change far more frequently than in former years.

The American-born, French-language author, Julien Green, has long been one of the most interesting, most profound novelists writing on the French scene. He has now become, with his third play, *L'Ombre*, just put on at the Théâtre Antoine, one of the most serious dramatists. The critics are not unanimous about the new Green creation. Robert Kemp, the veteran critic of *Le Monde*, regards it as highly original, fascinating, and prays rather dubiously for its success. Jean Jacques Gautier, the younger and sometimes exasperatingly capricious critic of the *Figaro*, considers it a failure and reproaches Green's friends and his director, Jean Mayer, for not having warned him to rewrite the play before its production.

The scene of Julien Green's earlier plays, *Sud* and *l'Ennemi*, was set respectively in the American South of the Civil War period and in the French provinces. *L'Ombre* revolves, rather curiously, around a drama of the Victorian period, and the first act is laid in the drawing-room of a Victorian newly-rich woman, called prophetically, one hopes, Mrs. Brimstone. Amid the scandalous small-talk, the bridge (or more probably whist), the overtones of this Wildean opening, a curious and highly dramatic conversation takes place.

Philip Anderson, who has lost his first wife ten years earlier, in suspicious circumstances, suddenly is brought face to face with the man whom he has always held as her seducer and responsible for her death. This man, James Ferris, knowing himself mortally ill, confesses to Anderson that his wife had always been faithful to him. This belated revelation weighs on Anderson's conscience and finally destroys his second marriage. The shadow of the first wife, Evangeline, enters his life and becomes a powerful and at last fatal obsession. In his daughter Lucile he sees the reproachful image of her mother, and, instigated by jealousy, strives vainly to prevent the daughter from marrying the young man of her choice. In the end he kills himself near his first wife's grave.

There are echoes of Edgar Allan Poe and of Stendhal in Julien Green's *L'Ombre*, poetic and romantic echoes, but little traces of the conventional French dramatists, an omission for which he is criticised, but for which he should be felicitated. His play is moving and even in parts exciting. Whether it will have the success hoped for by some critics and denied by others remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, that astonishing masterpiece of sombre irony and grim humour, *En Attendant Godot*, for long successful in the tiny Left-Bank theatre of its origins, the Babylone, has gone to fresh and bigger triumphs at the Theatre Hébertot. Samuel Beckett, its Irish author, thinks of entrusting to veteran producer Jacques Hébertot his new play, *La Chose et son Cours*, which one can only translate, until one knows the exact intentions of the author, as "The Thing in its Course." The Thing is a brief play—one act long, and it will be accompanied on the programme by a pantomime written by Samuel Beckett for a young dancer, Deryk Mandel, with music by his cousin, John Beckett.

Marcel Aymé's play at the Atelier, *Les Oiseaux de Lune*, is not so amusing as his comedy, *Clérambard*. It is an amiable fantasy about a man with the magical gift of transforming the other characters into birds. Unfortunately, not all the members of the audience are bird-fanciers, and one man I know fell asleep during the performance.

RELIEVING TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN PARIS: This tunnel has been opened beneath the Place de l'Alma to accommodate east- and westbound traffic. Beyond the Seine on the left is the Eiffel Tower, and in the right background is the Palais de Chaillot. The metal bridge across the Seine is the Passerelle Debilly.

The gastronomic season is now at its height, with game and oysters available for the gourmet and the gourmette. The feminine form of the noun, although not approved of in this sense by the lexicographers (*gourmette* means the curb or curb-chain of a horse), was taken before the war as the title of a famous little club of Parisian lady-gourmets which met once a month in a different restaurant, or occasionally in the home of a member with a cook who had graduated from the celebrated Cordon Bleu school of cookery. But the war killed off the Gourmettes, together with a lot of other fanciful and harmless associations.

Fortunately, the art of fine eating has survived the war and its restrictions. Since Marcel Dorin opened his celebrated Auberge de la Truite in a little courtyard off the Faubourg St. Honoré, nearly opposite the Cercle Inter-Allié and the British Embassy, a number of other Trout have appeared in Paris—notably one in the Batignolle quarter. But my friend Dorin, who has fifty years of great cooking and gastronomic renown behind him, both at the historic Hotel de la Couronne in the old market-place of Rouen, and at the defunct Bœuf à la Mode, in the Palais Royal quarter, is still incomparable for his Sole à la Normande and his Truite à la Crême.

BEFORE AND AFTER LAUNCHING: Work is completed on the deck of the United States Navy's new aircraft-carrier *Ranger* in the yard at Newport News, Virginia, before her launching. Her flight-deck is angled and is being fitted with steam catapults for launching her aircraft. Both these devices derive from British inventions. *On left*—The 59,650-ton ship lies in the water after the ceremony. *Ranger* is the third of her class to be built by America—the other two are *Forrestal* and *Saratoga*. They are the world's largest warships.

LAUNCH OF U.S.S. "RANGER"

• The Third of the U.S. Navy's Giant Carriers Enters the Water

ONE OF THE THREE LARGEST WARSHIPS IN THE WORLD: The *Ranger* is launched at Newport News. It is understood that the U.S. Navy plans to build six more carriers in this class.

When complete, the U.S.S. *Ranger* will have cost nearly 200,000,000 dollars (£71,000,000). Like her predecessors, *Forrestal* and *Saratoga*, in the world's largest warship class, she will have a tonnage of 59,650, a speed of 35 knots and an angled flight-deck.

An innovation which differentiates her from the other two giant carriers will be her lift for carrying her aircraft between the hangar and the flight-deck. It will be made of aluminium and be about 34 tons lighter than the high-tensile lifts in *Forrestal* and *Saratoga*.

Speaking at the launching ceremony at Newport News, Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, stressed the value to the United States of aircraft-carriers over air bases overseas. He said: "This ship is less vulnerable than most military targets. She is mobile and therefore she cannot be overrun and captured by enemy forces. She belongs to the United States and is not limited in her operations by the vicissitudes of international politics. She is not restricted by questions of foreign policy."

Most will agree with these opinions. But there is still a wide divergence of views among naval experts regarding the maximum size for carriers. A considerable body considers the giant American carriers are too large for operations in nuclear warfare;

UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE EGYPTIAN AUTHORITY : The Liberian tanker *Fugue* (in the right foreground) passes the signal station at El Kab on her way from Port Said south to Suez. She is being piloted by the Egyptian, Saleh Abdel Aziz, who is one of the pilots working for Nasser's Canal Authority.

THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL

Pilots of the Egyptian Canal Authority at Work and Under Training

When Colonel Nasser seized the Suez Canal from the Universal Company, it is to be presumed that he realised that one of his chief problems was to ensure that the waterway continued to pay its way. Otherwise all his political claims might fail on a simple economic issue. At first there were threats that if the employees of the old Company, especially the Canal pilots, did not carry on with their duties, they would be subject to the severest penalties. However, when pilots and others started to leave in considerable numbers, the tune was changed. It was announced that potential pilots would be welcome to apply for work. As can be seen from this page, ships continue to pass through the Canal—but not in such numbers as before the Egyptian seizure—and recruits have arrived from several countries to train as pilots on special courses which have been started for them.

PILOTS GO ABOARD : Saleh Abdel Aziz, immediately to the left of the top of the ladder, waves from the deck of the *Fugue* at Port Said. After him is climbing a trainee pilot from Italy, Rodolfo Castelli. In order to maintain traffic through the nationalised Canal, Egypt has started a big recruiting drive and begun a training scheme for pilots.

A MOMENT OF LEISURE : Saleh Abdel Aziz, reads a newspaper on the *Fugue* while the ship lies at anchor in the Canal.

A CONFERENCE WITH THE MASTER : On the right, T. J. Wilson, of Long Beach, California, of the *Fugue*, talks with Saleh Abdel Aziz (centre) and the trainee Rodolfo Castelli, in the *Fugue*.

On right—

FROM THREE NATIONS : From left are A. Lantry (American), N. Hagens (American), G. Murli (Italian), E. C. Holland (American), W. A. Equils (American), G. Bratsos (Greek) and G. Hatch (American). They are standing outside the entrance to the Headquarters of the Egyptian Canal Authority at Ismailia. All are reported to have applied to join the Authority's pilots' school.

A WELCOME TO EGYPT : Minalai Fuad el Tudi, a senior official of the Egyptian Canal Authority, shakes hands in his office at Ismailia with E. C. Holland, one of the American trainee pilots, while other American volunteers sit looking on.

RARE BIRDS IN COTO DOÑANA

By GUY MOUNTFORT

Photographs by ERIC HOSKING

This is the final article in the series describing the recent ornithological expedition, led by the author, to the Coto Doñana, in southern Spain. The previous articles appeared in the July 28 and Sept. 8 issues of THE SPHERE.

HOOPOES were by no means uncommon on the Coto Doñana, and the expedition expected to find their nests without difficulty. There appeared to be plenty of suitable holes in the gnarled trunks of the cork oaks ; but as time passed it became increasingly evident that the ubiquitous Jackdaws had pre-empted all the available accommodation before the migratory Hoopoes had arrived. Even Green Woodpeckers were having great difficulty in defending their nest-holes from the constant attempts to dispossess them.

Nearly all the Hoopoes presently left the region and it was not until near the end of the expedition that a pair was discovered which, in desperation, had nested in an empty bee-hive. Eight downy chicks lay on the straw floor of the hive, which was a primitive affair made of slabs of cork oak bark. A hide was soon erected and a fine series of photographs was obtained. The nestlings were fed chiefly on mole crickets, beetles and young lizards.

On one visit to the nest the male posed with a mole cricket in his long bill, inflated his throat and called to his mate the deep, resonant Hoopoe note, *poo-poo-poo*. Very few European birds can compete with the Hoopoe's spectacular appearance. The brilliant black-and-white wings and tail, pale orange body and large erectile crest are extremely conspicuous.

It had been hoped to photograph the rare white-shouldered Spanish Imperial Eagle, half a dozen pairs of which still nest in the seclusion of the Coto. Several eyries of these splendid birds were located, but one after another proved to be empty, though the pairs were still at the sites and some were even adding fresh nest materials. It was suspected that the severe cold weather in February, which had been accompanied by snow, had either greatly delayed or prevented breeding.

A solitary nestling was found in one eyrie in a tall tree, but the young bird appeared to be moribund, and it was decided not to risk the disturbance of erecting a pylon hide at the site. However, Eric Hosking succeeded in taking the only known photograph of the adult eagle as it left the tree. The smaller Short-toed and Booted Eagles were also nesting on the Coto, and Golden Eagles were occasionally seen flying in from the surrounding mountains.

ONE OF THE MOST COLOURFUL OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE COTO DOÑANA : A male Hoopoe takes a young lizard to its nestlings in a disused beehive made of cork. Few birds can compete with the magnificence of this orange, black and white plumage and crest.

A NESTING PROBLEM : A female Hoopoe carrying food in its beak sits on the beehive nest. As Jackdaws had taken all the holes in trees on the Coto Doñana, the Hoopoes were obliged to adopt this unusual nest site.

The stately White Storks of the Coto were made famous at the turn of the century by the books of the great wildfowler-naturalist, Abel Chapman. Their enormous nests, added to year after year, attain at times a depth of 6 ft., and many harbour in their foundations the nests of Starlings, House Sparrows and Jackdaws. Some of the venerable nest trees, now leafless with age, are still recognisable as those illustrated in Chapman's books. Storks are delightful birds to photograph and their elaborate greeting ceremonies are a source of great interest. As one adult alights to relieve its mate on the nest, both birds throw their heads right back ecstatically and indulge in a protracted kettle-drum-like clappering with their bills.

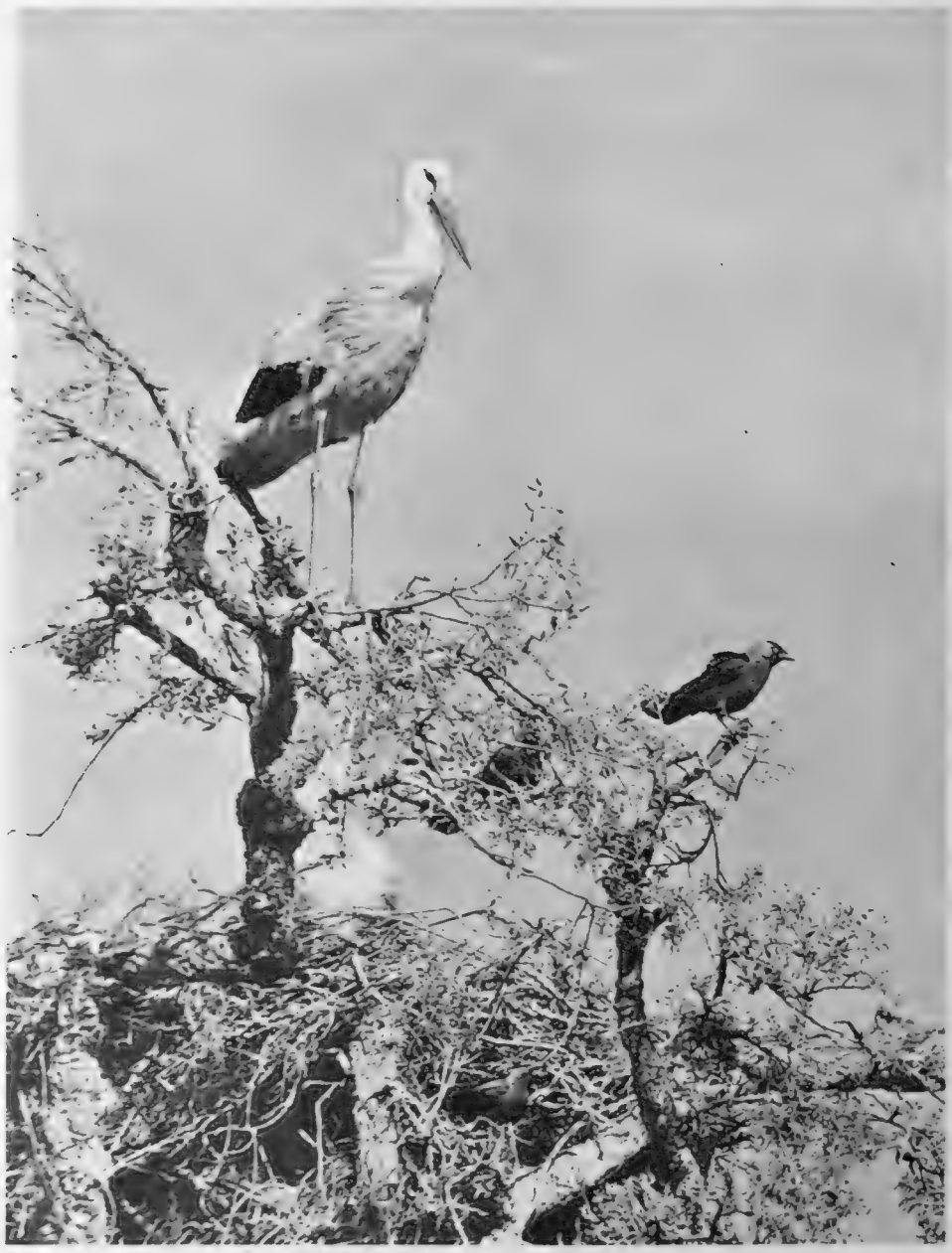
This is followed by a further spell of clappering with the bills pointed into the nest, while the new arrival half-opens its wings and sways its body slowly from left to right. Sometimes the whole ceremony is repeated. The ritual is obviously a source of great satisfaction to the birds and it is maintained throughout the long breeding season.

Three species of vultures occur on the Coto : the Griffon, the Black and the much smaller Egyptian. The most numerous is the Griffon, twenty-seven of which were observed one day soaring together over the *marismas*. The equally large Black Vulture was seen only occasionally. Both have a wing-span of 9 ft. or more and are past-masters of the art of soaring to great altitudes.

Their eyesight is phenomenal. The moment one bird sights carrion and drops to earth, other keen-eyed vultures sailing far off in the blue follow it down, so that within a matter of minutes the carcass becomes a squabbling, growling mass of greedy scavengers, who gorge themselves until they can scarcely fly. Their strength in tearing carcasses to pieces is remarkable. An Egyptian Vulture, which has a wing-span of only 5 ft., was seen to carry in its bill the head of a full-grown deer which it had just severed from a carcass.

On the mud-banks and the islands of the *marismas* countless waders of many species were breeding. They were so numerous that on one occasion, when a hide was erected, it was discovered that nests of Lapwings, Redshanks, Avocets, Kentish Plovers and Pratincoles were all within close view.

(Continued on following pages)



A WATCHFUL EYE : A White Stork guarding its nest carefully watches a thieving Jackdaw. Swarms of Jackdaws nest in the holes in the cork oaks of the Coto Doñana and destroy countless eggs of the various Herons and White Storks which nest in the branches.

FEEDING-TIME : Nestling White Storks seize their parent's bill and pull it dow to force it to regurgitate a meal. This nest is on a building. The Whit Stork is one of the few species which can nest unmolested in Spanish village

THE FIRST PICTURE EVER TAKEN OF ONE OF EUROPE'S RAREST AND SHYEST BIRDS A Spanish Imperial Eagle takes off from its nest tree. This is believed t be the only known picture taken of the adult. Probably half a dozen pair of these rare and shy birds still breed in the seclusion of the Coto Doñana

ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR CARRION : A Griffon Vulture soars and watches. It has a wing-span of over 9 ft. It is one of the three species of vulture in the Coto. The others are the Black Vulture, of the same size as the Griffon, and the smaller Egyptian Vulture.

THE IMMENSE WINGS OF THE WHITE STORK : At the end of the immense span are widely-separated primary wing feathers. Storks fly with their long necks extended, as opposed to Herons, all of which withdraw them in flight

RARE BIRDS IN COTO DOÑANA

(*Continued from previous page*)

Members of the expedition were astonished to find large numbers of nesting Lapwings, which hitherto had been regarded as rare breeding birds in the south of Spain. In one small area about 100 pairs were established and thirty nests were quickly found. In the shallows around the islands Avocets and Black-winged Stilts predominated. Their nests were built just above water-level, but before the eggs were hatched the fierce sun had already baked the lagoons to the consistency of concrete and most of the water had disappeared.

Both species breed in colonies, and their conspicuous black-and-white plumage often tempts unwary predators to seek an easy meal. But woe betide such a venture, for the entire colony rises to mob every trespasser, with a piercing outcry. One day an enormous Griffon Vulture dropped down to investigate some offal in the midst of a colony of Stilts, and sat completely bewildered for some minutes under a positive barrage of " dive-bombing." When finally it lumbered away, it was chased for a mile by the yelping pack.

When the expedition first reached the Coto, many Pratincoles were heard calling in flight after dark, and it was evident that the breeding population was just arriving. A week later the first eggs were found on the islands in the *marismas*. Pratincoles make no nests, but deposit their two or three beautifully-marked eggs on bare ground.

These beautiful birds have an elaborate courtship, which includes repeated deep bowing and much bobbing of the head. Sometimes a pair will stand closely bill to bill, or shoulder to shoulder, and bob their heads up and down for half a minute. They then dash away in a rapid swallow-like flight, calling their loud, grating cries, *kirr-kirrik-ke-tik-tik*. Pratincoles have olive-brown plumage, white bellies, long forked tails and sealing-wax red sides to their short bills ; on their throats is a creamy patch bordered with black. Their snow-white rumps are displayed during the ceremonial bowing.

Several colonies of Bee-eaters were found in the cistus scrub regions. Normally, these gorgeously-coloured birds excavate long tunnels for their nests in banks. They are familiar sights on road cuttings and embankments throughout southern Spain, and the birds suffer terrible losses from the peasants, who set horse-hair nooses at the holes. On the flat Coto, however, the Bee-eaters were nesting in level, sandy ground. As usual, they were charmingly tame and accepted the photographer's hide

(*Concluded on page 62*)

THE LONG LEGS OF THE STILT : A black-winged female of this species settles on its eggs. Stilts take their name from their grotesquely long pink legs, which enable them to wade in deep water and pick insects off the surface.

A COMMON INHABITANT OF THE MARISMAS : The Kentish Plover on its nest is one of hundreds of these birds which are to be found breeding on the mudbanks of the *marismas*. The nest was within a few feet of those of Avocets, Redshanks, Lapwings and Pratincoles.

THE RESPLENDENT BEE-EATER : With a striped hawk moth in its bill, it perches on the skull of a cow. The bird has brilliant blue-green, yellow and chestnut plumage. Several colonies of Bee-Eaters were found in the cistus scrub regions by the ornithological expedition. Normally, they excavate tunnels in banks for their nests in Spain. The peasants trap them in horse-hair nooses from road cuttings and embankments. In the Coto, however, the birds were nesting on level, sandy ground.

A FIERCE LITTLE BIRD : The Great Grey Shrike is no bigger than a blackbird, but it feeds its young on very large prey such as lizards, shrews and beetles. It kills them by pouncing on them from look-out posts. Several nests of these birds were found.

A TUNNELLING OPERATION : A male Bee-Eater waits at the entrance to the tunnel being made for the nest by its mate. The birds work in turn with feverish activity, and the one which is tunnelling keeps up a commentary of muffled notes.

AN ELABORATE COURTING : A Pratincole displays its plumage to its mate. This species have an elaborate system of courting which includes repeated deep bowing and bobbing of the head. Sometimes courting is done by groups on a common ground.

THE PRATINCOLE MAKES NO NEST : It deposits its two or three beautifully-marked eggs on the ground, as seen here beneath the bird's tail in a picture taken on the islands of the *marismas*. The Pratincole gives a loud grating cry when in flight.

Rare Birds in Coto Doñana

(*Concluded from page 60*)

in their midst without demur, even before their nest-holes were completed.

The tunnelling was fascinating to watch. Both sexes took part and worked with feverish activity. The bird tunnelling kept up a running commentary of muffled notes from below ground, to which its mate at the entrance replied excitedly. Almost invariably the waiting bird stayed so close to the hole that it was smothered with the sand which its mate kicked vigorously behind it as it backed out from the hole. Often the waiting bird was so eager to take part that it began digging with its tiny feet before entering the hole.

Among the 173 different species of birds seen during the expedition, the Great Grey Shrike was one of the favourites. Several nests of these fierce little birds were found. Although the Shrike is only about the size of a Blackbird, it feeds its young on very large prey such as lizards and shrews, which are killed in typical shrike fashion by being pounced on from look-out posts. The parents appeared to have a faulty notion about the appetities of their young. At one nest they were seen trying, unsuccessfully, to ram whole shrews down the gaping throats of newly-hatched nestlings.

The rarest bird seen during the expedition was a Masked Shrike, and this was the first time the species had been recorded in Spain. It is normally an inhabitant of the eastern end of the Mediterranean. The bird seen was probably wind-drifted off its course during migration.

One of the species which was specially studied by the expedition was the Great Spotted Cuckoo, a cousin of our familiar Cuckoo. Very little is yet known about this unusual and handsomely-crested bird beyond the fact that it parasites the Magpie when laying its eggs. Twenty years ago, Magpies were very scarce on the Coto ; to-day they are widespread, breeding in small colonies or singly in almost every patch of thorn bushes.

About fifty Magpies' nests were found without difficulty. These varied in height above ground from 3 ins. to a maximum of 18 ft. Most of the nests were in low bushes, which made the search for the eggs of the Great Spotted Cuckoo relatively simple. Initially, many Cuckoo eggs were probably overlooked, as it was not realised until later that they resemble the eggs of the foster-parent to a remarkable degree, both in colour and size. Once this fact was appreciated, half a dozen nests containing Cuckoos' eggs or young were quickly discovered. By keeping these under daily observation it was learnt that as many as six Cuckoo eggs were laid in the same nest, at least three different hen Cuckoos being involved in one case. Moreover, it was seen that when depositing her own eggs, the Great Spotted Cuckoo removes at least one and sometimes several Magpies' eggs.

This showed that, in spite of the close similarity of the eggs, the female Great Spotted Cuckoo can distinguish not only her own from the eggs of the foster-parent but also those of other females of her species, for the number of Cuckoo eggs never diminished. Another curious discovery was that some Magpies were looking after nests containing broods of as many as five young Cuckoos, with no young Magpies at all ! Did the Cuckoos finally remove all the Magpie's eggs from their nests, or did the young Cuckoos evict the foster-parents' young ? This was one of the fascinating questions which were not solved.

No Respite in Cyprus

Arson and Murder; and Total Curfew for Nicosia Greeks

The grim record continues in Cyprus and there seem little signs of any abatement in EOKA terrorism. Its members' activities spread in many directions. There appears to be little doubt that a bomb was the cause of the fire last month in the nearly-completed house for the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces, at Episkopi. Some of the first pictures of the gutted building to reach London are on this page. In Nicosia, September 29 was a very black day. Two British police-sergeants, H. B. Carter, from the Herefordshire Constabulary, and C. J. Thoroughgood, from the Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary, were walking in plain clothes in the notorious "Murder Mile" of Ledra Street when they were shot by gunmen. Although mortally wounded, they drew their revolvers and replied to the fire. Outside the town a British soldier and British woman civilian were ambushed and killed. As a result, a total curfew was imposed on the Greek section of the capital. It was stricter than any hitherto imposed and was rigidly enforced by patrols of British and Turkish police. There was only a brief period each day when the curfew was lifted to allow the inhabitants to shop for food and other essentials.

THE RESULT OF EOKA SABOTAGE: The gutted structure is all that remains of the house at Episkopi, in south Cyprus, which was being built as the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces. Construction was nearly complete when it was set on fire last month. All evidence indicated sabotage.

On right:—
THE FUNERAL OF A BRITISH VICTIM: The coffin of Police Sergeant P. J. Thoroughgood is carried from the English church in Nicosia. The sergeant, who belonged to the Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary, had been only a few weeks in Cyprus before he and another British police sergeant were shot by gunmen in Nicosia.

THE SOURCE OF THE OUTRAGE: The windows look out from the billiard-room of the Commander-in-Chief's unfinished house at Episkopi. It is believed terrorists placed a bomb in this room.

A BREAK IN THE CURFEW IN NICOSIA: *Left*—A queue forms for admittance to a food shop in Ledra Street in the brief break in the curfew in the Greek section of Nicosia. *Right*—A vegetable-seller displays his stock on the ground during the permitted hours for trading. A day-and-night curfew was imposed on the Greek section after the shooting of two British police sergeants in Ledra Street. It was lifted for only two hours daily so that essential supplies could be purchased.

THE NATIONAL TRUST ACQUIRES A CORNISH PROPERTY : Forty acres of land around the tiny village and harbour of Portquin, on the north coast of Cornwall, have been acquired by the National Trust.

An attractive stretch of coastline in north Cornwall is to be preserved for the nation. Two bequests to the National Trust, from Mrs. Annie Woodward and Mr. E. S. Arnold, have enabled it to purchase for the nation 40 acres of cliff and farmland at Portquin, two miles west of Port Isaac, near Polzeath, on the north coast of Cornwall. The property, which formerly belonged to Mr. D. E. Maxwell, includes the south side of the tiny harbour of Portquin, together with land and cottages in and behind the village. The cliff land includes Doyden Point, on the edge of which stands the small battlemented folly known as Doyden Castle. This edifice is about 125 years old. From the Point, there are impressive views westward towards the Rumps and Carnweather Point, both of which already belong to the Trust. There is a comparatively modern house, called Doyden, which will continue to be run as a private hotel. The harbour at Portquin, is tiny and almost landlocked. The National Trust has acquired protective covenant over Quay Cottage, one of the larger buildings, and its surrounding land. This enables the Trust to supervise alterations to the property without actually owning it.

PORTQUIN FOR THE NATION

The National Trust has Bought Property in and Around Portquin, in North Cornwall

PROTECTED PROPERTY : The National Trust has obtained protective covenant over Quay Cottage and its surrounding land, by which alterations cannot be made without consulting the Trust, which in this case is not the actual owner. *On right*—On the clifftop overlooking Portquin Harbour is Doyden Castle (left background), a battlemented folly dating from about 1830. On the right in the far distance can be seen a small island, known as the Mouls.

THE HAMLET OF PORTQUIN : This tiny cluster of buildings forms almost the entire village. The story goes that, about a century ago, the whole Portquin fishing fleet was destroyed in a storm and every adult male drowned. The village was then deserted by the remaining inhabitants.

ENGLAND'S ONLY CATHEDRAL WITH THREE SPIRES APPEALS FOR HELP : £200,000 is required to save the twelfth-century Cathedral of Lichfield from grievous decay. This view of the west front shows the original niches for 113 statues, which are now almost filled with modern figures. Only five of the original figures remain. The centre spire, traditionally reconstructed by Sir Christopher Wren, replaces the original work which was destroyed during the Civil War.

A Cathedral in Danger

An Urgent Appeal is Made for the Restoration of Lichfield Cathedral

Lichfield Cathedral stands on higher ground than any other cathedral in England and consequently faces relentless action by the weather and the polluted atmosphere of the industrial zone of the Midlands. Because of this and the ravages during the past 100 years of the death-watch beetle and the furniture beetle, the Cathedral is now suffering from grievous decay. Recently, the Dean of Lichfield, the Very Rev. W. S. Macpherson, addressed a meeting of civic dignitaries, industrialists from all parts of the diocese and local trade union officials, and told them of the serious decay in the nave, the choir, Lady Chapel and transept. Although there was no suggestion that the building was unsafe, the whole roof was infected by death-watch beetle and might collapse unless it received immediate attention. In launching an appeal for £200,000, the Dean was supported by the Bishop, Dr. Reeve. The Cathedral, in its present form, was probably begun at the close of the twelfth century, but owing to the widespread destruction inflicted during the Civil War, much rebuilding was necessary. Further restoration was carried out during the last century and in recent years.

London Events

Michaelmastide Ceremonies Include the Election of the new Lord Mayor, and the Installation of new Sheriffs

The traditional civic ceremonies in the City of London which are associated with Michaelmastide began at Guildhall on the eve of the Festival with the installation of the two new Sheriffs for the ensuing year. Sir James Miller and Mr. Frederick A. Hoare, who had been elected in accordance with custom at midsummer, took their oaths in the presence of the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen and members of the public, and received their chains of office from the retiring Sheriffs. Their election was by citizens of London who are Liverymen of the Guilds.

On Michaelmas Day itself the Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, presided over a meeting of citizens of the Livery of the various Guilds for the election of his successor as the City of London's chief citizen. The ceremony also took place in Guildhall, where the floor was strewn with sweet herbs in accordance with ancient custom. When all was ready the Lord Mayor, together with all those who had served the office, retired from the Hall and the Common Serjeant addressed the citizens and read the names of those qualified to serve at the Mansion House. As Alderman Robert S. Hewett did not wish to be elected, the name of Sir George Cullum Welch was read out and the Livery cried "All!" To the next name they cried "Next year!", and to others "Later on" and "Another time." This decision was conveyed to the Court of Aldermen, who then made their choice. Finally, Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd returned to the Hall with Sir Cullum and the assembled company rose to greet their Lord Mayor-elect.

Sir Cullum, who is Liveryman of the Company of Haberdashers and the Company of Spectacle-Makers, and past-Master of the Company of Solicitors of the City of London, has represented Bridge Ward as an Alderman since 1947. After his election has received the approval of the Crown, he will be installed on November 8 and take over on the following day during the pageantry of the Lord Mayor's Show.

THE MICHAELMASTIDE ELECTION OF LONDON'S NEXT LORD MAYOR: Alderma Sir George Cullum Welch makes his speech of thanks at Guildhall af his election. This is Sir Cullum's silver jubilee year of public service the City of London; he was elected to the Court of Common Council in 19

THE INSTALLATION OF TWO NEW SHERIFFS OF THE CITY OF LONDON: *Left*—Sir James Miller (nearest to the Mace in the centre of the picture) and Alderman F. A. Hoa are seen taking the oath at the ceremony of installation at Guildhall, on the day preceding the election of the new Lord Mayor. *Right*—Sir James Miller receiv his chain of office from Mr. W. Gilbert Allen, one of the retiring Sheriffs. Before his election Sir James served as Lord Provost of Edinburgh from 1951 to 195

THE

SIR GEORGE CULLUM WELCH ENTERS THE HALL AFTER HIS ELECTION BY THE ALDERMEN AND IS WELCOMED BY THE ASSEMBLED COMPANY: He is walking (behind the Mace-bearer) with the retiring Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, towards the platform for the rest of the ceremony.

THE OPENING OF A NEW LEGAL YEAR: The Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir, preceded by the Mace-bearer and Purse-bearer, goes in procession through the rain to Westminster Abbey for the customary service at the start of the Michaelmas Law Term. Later, he took part in another procession through the main hall of the Royal Courts of Justice, in the Strand.

SCHOLARS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL PAY THEIR ANNUAL VISIT TO THE MANSION HOUSE: The Lord Mayor distributes gifts to the boys, who had travelled up to London for their annual service at St. Sepulchre's Church, in Holborn. Their traditional march through the City was cancelled owing to heavy rain.

Ormer Hunting

On the Rocks Round Jersey the Season has Opened For Gathering the Molluscs which can Provide Pleasure for Gourmets

THE START OF A SEARCH WHICH SHOULD END WITH A DELICIOUS MEAL : The hunter in the boat is making his way among the rocks off the shores of Jersey to hunt for ormers. These molluscs cling to the rocks, and when prised from their shells and cooked make excellent eating.

NATURE'S CAMOUFLAGE : An ormer lies in the centre of the picture on a rock covered with sea plants. Its shell protects it by toning into its natural surroundings.

THE HUNT IS ON : With a flat piece of iron in his right hand, the hunter stands on the rocks, the plentiful foliage of which indicates the presence of ormers. He may be able to pull the molluscs off with his fingers. Otherwise he will find he must prise them away with his iron.

A TYPICAL BREEDING-GROUND : These rocks of the Channel Islands, with seaweed overhanging them like vines, are typical places in which to look for ormers.

***On left*— THE PROTECTIVE LIMB: This picture of an ormer shows the strength of its big muscular foot. The limb enables the mollusc to cling to a rock, and excretion of slime adds to this process.**

In reference books which list fishes in detail there can be found a genus called *Haliotis*. It is described as being a mollusc with a beautiful shell covering a limpet-like animal. However, in different parts of the world it is probably more familiar under such colloquial names as abalone, in California ; Venus's Ear, in Italy ; mutton fish, in New Zealand ; *oreille de mer*, in France ; and ormer, in the Channel Islands. This last term is a contraction of the French. The Channel Islands are the northern limit of its wide distribution over the globe, and it is with hunting the ormer in Jersey that we are concerned on this page.

The mollusc is sometimes described as a big sea-snail. It lives on rocks and ledges swept by the sea and grows big, and eventually delicious to eat, on a diet of seaweed, sea-lettuce and similar plants. It clings to a habitat outside the normal limit of low tide, and in Jersey the season has recently started for "ormering." The early autumn tides allow boats to be rowed to the rocks so that ormer-hunters can scramble on to them and make their kill.

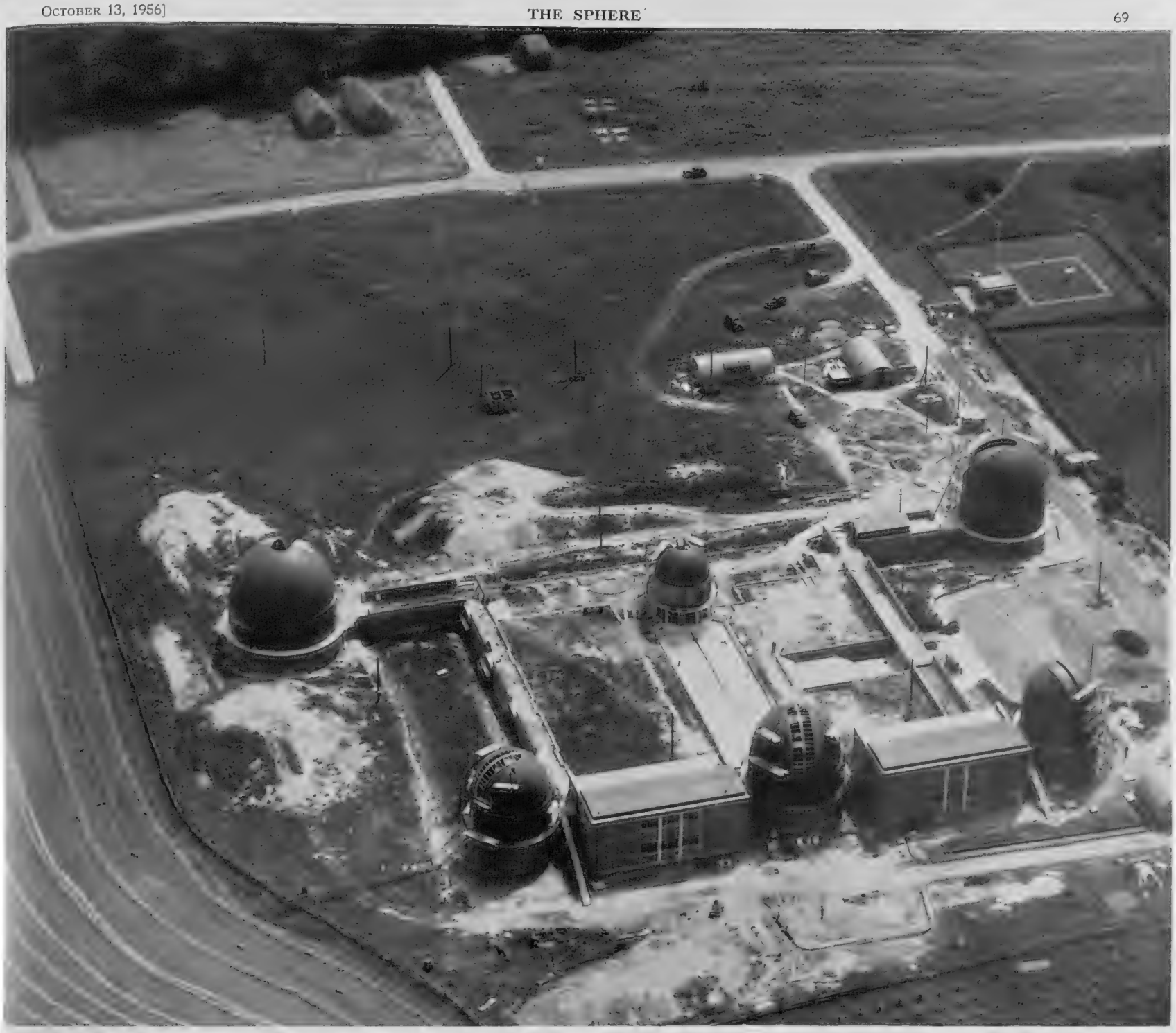
Like all pleasurable hunting, it is by no means a comfortable sport. One sets out from Jersey in a small boat through the "gutters," which are the lanes running between the jagged reefs and rocks which ring the island. Once one is in the almost-lunar landscape of the rocks, the first essential is speed. The hunter must jump to a likely and slippery area, peer and feel in the ledges, turn over stones and probe crevasses.

The ormers have the natural protection of looking part of their immediate surroundings. With luck they will not be alerted to the hunter's presence. In which case, all that is necessary is to pull them off quickly and put them "in the bag."

But if the mollusc senses the presence of hostile strangers, its nature sets a mechanical, or conditioned, protection into operation. With its large muscular foot it outdoes the limpet in clinging to its rock, aided by the excretion of a slimy, gummy fluid. Then a flat piece of iron is the best instrument with which to prise it away.

No description of ormer-hunting would be complete without advice on how best to enjoy the fruits of the chase—in other words, how to cook them. First, they should be prised from their shells and left to soak for several hours. Next, hard scrubbing removes the slime, and the hard tissues of the foot, now milky-white, should be beaten like a steak to make the "meat" tender.

Alternative courses may now be followed. Either stew in onions and butter very slowly for a period of twelve hours, adding such piquancies as lemon juice and bay leaves, and finally serve with a thick, brown wine sauce *à la Jersais*. Or put them in seasoned flour, fry them brown and then slowly casserole. According to connoisseurs, both recipes are magnificent.



DEVELOPMENTS AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY : This group of six domes under construction at the Royal Observatory at Herstmonceux Castle will house the Equatorial Group of telescopes. When it is finished, the group will be surrounded by grass and by groves of trees positioned to act as windbreaks and to reduce air turbulence caused by rapid variations in the temperature. The new structures are a few of many new buildings which are rising in the grounds of the Observatory. Another building will house the great Isaac Newton telescope, which will have a 98-in. mirror and will be the largest outside the United States. It is about eight years since the Royal Observatory began its move from Greenwich to the heart of Sussex. Astronomical observation in London became more and more difficult as the atmosphere grew thicker from " smog " pollution, and the increasing lights of London obscured the night sky. In these conditions the Observatory could no longer do its work properly. Herstmonceux was chosen as the new site, for it offered the advantages of a clear sky by day and night, and comparatively little risk of nearby urban development. The greater part of the transfer from Greenwich is now complete.

ASTRONOMY IN A SUSSEX CASTLE

Progress at the Herstmonceux Observatory

NEW BUILDINGS AT HERSTMONCEUX : This group of large buildings will, when complete, house the Time Department, the Nautical Almanac Office and workshops. The Nautical Almanac Office computes data for sea and air navigation.

AN ANCIENT CASTLE SERVES MODERN SCIENCE : Bounded on two sides by its moat, Herstmonceux Castle, completed in 1440, is one of the earliest brick buildings of its type in Britain. It contains some of the Observatory's departments and offices.

THE LEADER AND THE NEW TREASURER OF THE LABOUR PARTY: Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan are both in fighting mood as they address meetings of the Annual Conference of the Labour Party at Blackpool. Mr. Bevan was elected Treasurer by a small majority and so returns to the inner councils of his Party.

LABOUR AT BLACKPOOL

Scenes at the Conference at which Mr. Bevan Became Treasurer

In his third attempt to secure the office, Mr. Bevan was elected Treasurer of the Labour Party. Previously he had been vanquished by Mr. Gaitskell, now the Party Leader. However, last week Mr. Bevan at last triumphed, defeating his nearest rival, Mr. George Brown, M.P., by 3,029,000 votes to 2,755,000. His success was taken to indicate a trend away from the Right Wing of the Labour Party—an opinion which was supported by the elections to the local Party section of the Executive. Immediately after his victory, Mr. Bevan held a Press conference, in which he sensibly turned questions concerning the possibility of his contesting the Party leadership. Later, at a meeting, Mr. Bevan spoke of his desire to co-operate within the Party. This speech was taken as a reply to an earlier appeal for unity from Mr. Gaitskell. Besides Mr. Bevan, the other great success of the Conference was the Parliamentary Leader. Mr. Gaitskell drew enthusiastic applause with a number of attacks on the Government. Delegates came away from Blackpool with the feeling that there may at last be peace among the Socialist factions, and they viewed the future with considerable optimism.

THE LOSER IN THE FIGHT FOR THE TREASURERSHIP: Mr. George Brown, M.P. (left), who was narrowly defeated by Mr. Bevan, is with Mr. Tom Williams, M.P., at Blackpool

ALL EYES ON BEVAN: The newly-elected Labour Party Treasurer makes his first speech to the Conference after the announcement of his victory. He was given a great ovation before he moved a resolution from his constituency, Ebbw Vale, during the debate on the Party's policy document, "Homes of the Future."

IN THE BALLROOM: Mr. S. Silverman, M.P., dances with his wife. The promoter of the recent Bill to abolish capital punishment was elected to the Labour Party Executive.

HEAD OF THE POLL FOR THE EXECUTIVE : Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., and Mr. A. Greenwood, M.P. (on left), were first and second in the poll for the Executive. Mr. Ted Castle is on right.

THE NEW CHAIRMAN : Miss Margaret Herbison, M.P., sitting on right, was elected next Chairman of the National Executive. With her in this picture are, from left, Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., Mr. Harry Earnshaw, of the Textile Factory Workers, and Mr. Sam Watson, of the Mineworkers.

THE [illegible] AND PRESENT LEADERS OF THE LABOUR PARTY : Earl Attlee enjoys a [illegible] with Mr. Hugh Gaitskell between sessions of the Labour Party's [illegible]rence, which was held in the Winter Gardens at Blackpool last week.

THE TRADE UNION VIEW : Mr. Frank Cousins, Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, speaks on the first day.

THE CHAIRMAN : Mr. E. G. Gooch walks on the front. In his opening speech he castigated the Government for its "dismal record."

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE LABOUR PARTY IN SESSION : A delegate speaks in the crowded Empress Ballroom of the Winter Gardens at Blackpool. There were 402 resolutions and 108 amendments on the agenda. The outstanding features of the proceedings were the election of Mr. Bevan as Treasurer and a number of trenchant speeches by Mr. Gaitskell. There was a general feeling that the presence of these two together on the National Executive will make for greater unity inside the Labour Party.

Invergarry Power Station Opened

A Simple Ceremony Marks the Opening of the 22nd Station of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board

The ceremony which marked the opening of the new power station at Invergarry also marked the inauguration of the twenty-second power station built by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board since the Board began its work in 1943. Two joint schemes, the Garry and the Quoich on the Garry, will produce together 159,000,000 units of electricity every year, and it is estimated that this will mean an annual saving of about 90,000 tons of coal. Work started on the former scheme in 1951 and the Quoich and Invergarry stations began to produce power in the winter of 1955-56.

The waters harnessed by the joint scheme were the subject of earlier projects promoted unsuccessfully by Private Bills in Parliament. Among these proposals were the West Highland Power Bill of 1928, and the Caledonian Water Power Bills of 1936, 1937 and 1938. The present scheme differs from all these earlier projects in that the waters of Loch Quoich continue to follow their natural course to the east instead of being diverted to the west.

In a speech made at the opening ceremony, Mr. Thomas Johnston, the chairman of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, said that as a convenient yardstick, the energy produced by the joint scheme would be sufficient to supply the counties of Moray, Banff and Nairn as well as the town of Inverness. Mr. Johnston added that the Hydro Board was not only a generator of light and power but also a distributor of electricity to the far-distant and thinly-populated areas of Scotland. There are still about 61,000 potential customers to be connected to the power schemes, most of them being in remote and inaccessible regions. Since April 1948 the Hydro-Electric Board had connected over 149,000 new consumers, but, concluded Mr. Johnston, it is the connection of this final 61,000 consumers which is going to be the most difficult of the tasks so far undertaken.

THE OPENING CEREMONY IN THE POWER STATION: Mrs. J. S. Pickles, the wife of the chairman of the South of Scotland Electricity Board, prepares to pull a lever and set in motion the generators in the new Invergarry power station. The ceremony of inauguration was attended by many representatives of the various Electricity and Hydro-Electric Boards of Scotland, including Mr. Thomas Johnston, the chairman of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, and Sir George McGlashan, chairman of the Electricity Consultative Council for the North of Scotland.

Below—
THE SCREEN AT LOCH GARRY: The concrete screen in the foreground serves to clear the waters tumbling down this narrow gulley to Loch Garry. Most of the fine wild scenery of the hills has been left in its natural state, and the buildings of the power station have been designed to fit in, as much as possible, with the surrounding tree-covered slopes.

On left—
THE SPILLWAY ON THE LOCH GARRY DAM: The white concrete of the spillway on the dam makes a clear-cut contrast with the slaty greyness of the hills in the background. Its primary function is to prevent the waters contained in the main reservoir from reaching too high a level.

AN OUTLET OF THE DAM AT LOCH GARRY: The tunnel outlet in the centre of the picture is also used by salmon and other fish to come up the dam ladder and into the waters of the main reservoir in the background.

ODD SHAPES AT THE PARIS SALON

The Fiat 600 Acquires a Nautical Air; Another "Dream Car" from America; A Gas-Turbine Record Car; Miniature Motoring

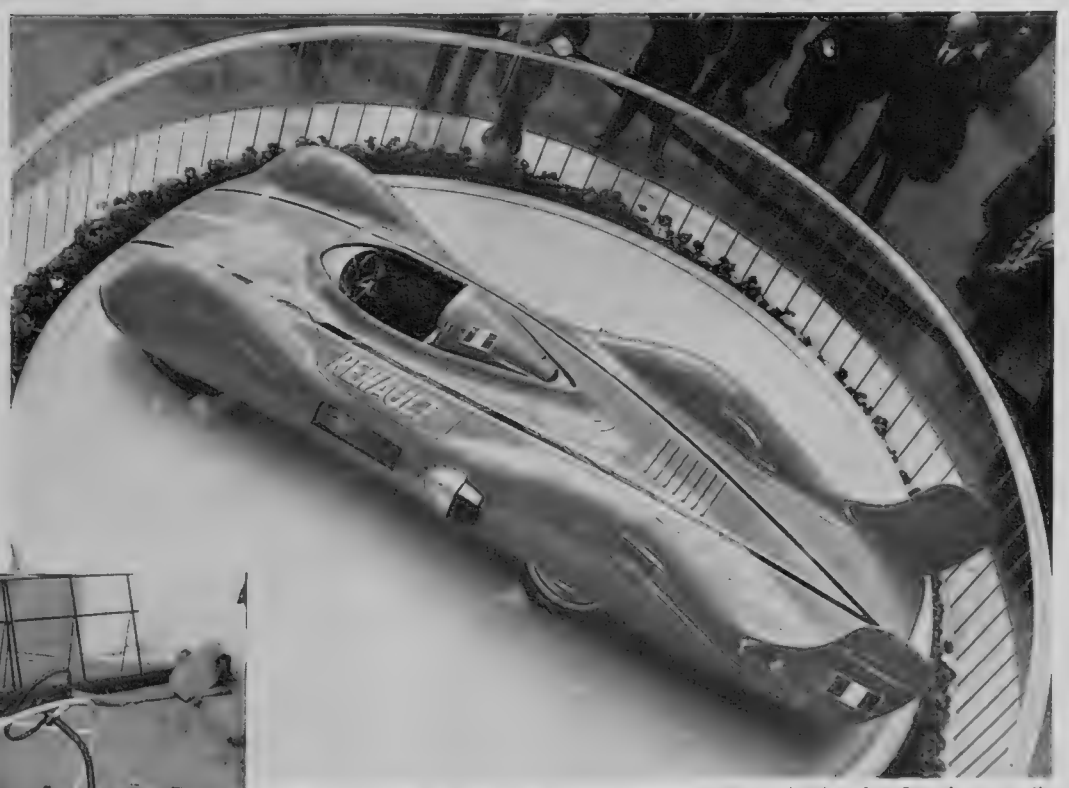
TYPICAL COACHWORK AT THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW: This special body on the chassis of a Fiat 600 Multipla is designed to give the passengers the impression of riding in a motor-boat. The Italian coachwork is by Pinin Farina.

PROPULSION OF THE FUTURE? The Firebird II is an experimental gas-turbine-powered car constructed by General Motors of America. This view of the front of the car shows the two jet intakes, each with its many-bladed inductor fan which sucks air into the engine. Finished in silver and blue, the car has a transparent top and "gull-wing" doors, which open upwards, being hinged at the top. The "steering wheel" is a bar with two handles, on the lines of aircraft controls.

AN AMERICAN "DREAM CAR": A good impression of the sleek lines of the General Motors Firebird II experimental gas-turbine car is obtained from the balcony.

Below—

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO ACHIEVE CHEAP MOTORING: The bare tubular chassis of the Avolette, a miniature car at the Salon, appears to be powered by a single-cylinder engine, and to have the same wheel lay-out as the Messerschmitt.



A GAS-TURBINE RECORD CAR: The experimental Renault Shooting Star has an all-enveloping plastic body with two projecting stabilising fins on the tail. The cockpit is so small that the steering wheel must be removed before the driver can get in or out. There is no gear-box or clutch. "L'Etoile Filente" has proved itself capable of speeds in the region of 200 m.p.h., for the Turbomeca gas-turbine engine develops a maximum power of 270 b.h.p. at 28,000 r.p.m., while the total weight is a mere 1,900 lb. Also, the bodywork offers very little resistance to the air. The car was first demonstrated to the public at Montlhéry earlier this year. Running at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah last month, it set up an unconfirmed world speed record for gas-turbine-powered cars of 191.2 m.p.h. Renault, in its experimental work on gas-turbine engines for high-speed cars, is doing for motor-racing what the British Rover company and various American firms are achieving for touring cars.

The 1956 Paris Motor Show—the Salon de l'Automobile—lived up to its reputation for showing the public all those peculiar and eccentric shapes and "ideas" which are denied to the visitor to the British Motor Show at Earl's Court. Many are not intended to be practical production motor-cars, but are merely experimental vehicles "dressed up" with striking bodywork to attract the eye. One example of this is the Firebird II, a gas-turbine-powered car built by General Motors. While the more spectacular exhibits at the Salon tended to catch the eye, the normal production car naturally had pride of place. American cars were seen with a lower and more attractive body-line. The feature of the British cars on show was the widespread adoption of two-pedal control. Fully automatic transmission systems are available on Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Jaguar, Humber and Austin. The Standard Ten among the small cars has a semi-automatic system; and also the Renault 4CV saloon. A smaller version of the revolutionary Citroen DS19, the ID19, attracted much attention, as did an Aston Martin, shown with Italian Superleggera coachwork by Carrozzeria Touring of Milan.

The Sphere of Travel

SEEKING SUNSHINE

Winter Holidays in Gibraltar, Spain and Other Warm Regions

By GORDON COOPER

GIBRALTAR AND THE STRAITS: In the left foreground are some of the new blocks of flats built to relieve the housing prob of Gibraltar. Looking across the town and the harbour installations, the mountains of the north African coast are on other side of the Straits. Gibraltar is only five hours by air from London and has an excellent winte clima

DESPITE the pleasant but brief interlude of our Indian summer, the next two or three months will almost certainly be less attractive. It is then that some of us would like to emulate the swallows and fly away to warmer climes. Flying, indeed, is the key by which the door can be opened that leads the fortunate traveller, between breakfast and dinner, into lands where there is mellow warmth.

Gibraltar is a good instance. It can be reached in less than five hours' flying or in a few days by sea. There the sun blazes down from a cloudless sky, with Spain close by and Africa visible just across the narrow straits. This is an excellent place in which to relax, while there are also several opportunities for interesting excursions, especially to Tangier and to the coast of Andalusia, in Spain.

Apart from anything else, Gibraltar means a "sterling" holiday, and no foreign currency is required. A nine-day holiday, travelling there and back by B.E.A. tourist service, costs from £54 up, including full board accommodation. This minimum rate applies to those using the Night Air Service; for the Tourist Day Flights the cost would be 12 guineas more. Bookings for these inclusive holidays must be made through travel agents.

Another bargain offer, costing £63, applies to a ten-day stay in Tangier, one of the most colourful playgrounds in the world. The hotels are first-rate, and there is every kind of facility and entertainment available for an out-of-the-ordinary holiday. From this centre you can make excursions to fascinating places in Morocco, including Tetuan, Rabat, Meknes and Fez. Conditions in this part of the world are perfectly satisfactory for tourists.

For anyone wishing to stay in a typical town, away from the hurly-burly of modern life and where time has stood still, I can recommend Xauen (forty miles from Tetuan), where there is a comfortable Parador (hotel), with excellent cuisine. It is a place of strong Moorish character, and you will possibly be awakened each morning by the call of the faithful to prayer from the minarets of the little town's dozen mosques. Xauen, too, is a good centre for walks and excursions. As travel agents may not know of this Parador, I recommend that you write direct to the manager.

Warm sunshine can generally be expected in Andalusia, especially along the coastline, most of which has splendid beaches. Algeciras, Estepona, Marbella, Fuengirola, Torremolinos and Malaga are all pleasant winter resorts, with good hotel accommodation. I would make special mention of the Hotel Santa Marta at Estepona, where the accommodation is unusual. Visitors are provided with bungalows set in the gardens which run down to the sea. A fortnight's holiday there, inclusive of air transportation and coach service, would cost under £70. The Hotel Reina Cristina, a favourite with British visitors, is another establishment I can especially recommend.

A holiday by the sea in this part of Spain could be combined with a few days in Seville, perhaps the most enchanting of all Andalusian cities. You would have the advantage, too, of finding this place far less crowded than during the main holiday season, which starts just before Easter. You can wander through the Santa Cruz quarter of the town, past grilled windows and high, flower-embowered balconies, through crooked streets with such names as Street of the Love of God, Serpents' Street, Pepper Str where the houses grow so near one another that dweller's life is his neighbour's, the Streets of Jesus of Great Power, and of the Sweetheart of the Great Riv

For those who like to move around Spain in comf I think that the "Ideal Tour" organised by Cook's of considerable appeal. Transportation is provided in specially-heated motor-coach, setting out from Hend (reached by train) and concluding at Perpignan. itinerary runs from San Sebastian to Madrid, by way Burgos, Palencia, Valladolid and El Escorial, contin on to Cordoba, Seville, Granada, Murcia, Valencia, Tar gona, Barcelona, and along the Costa Brava. There fortnightly departures during the winter from London, the fifteen-day inclusive charge is 69 guineas. I regard as a wonderful opportunity from the sightseeing point view, especially for those who are unable to stand intense summer heat of this country.

In many ways, Malta is a haven for winter holid makers. First of all, it is in the sterling area and visitor is only limited in the money he can spend by own purse. What will attract most visitors, however, the island's sun and sea. Even in December and Januar there are hours of brilliant sunshine each day, and climate is mild. For invalids seeking the sun, Malta h many advantages. First-class medical attention and mod hospitals are available. For the healthy, there are amp facilities for most sports.

Malta can be reached in under eight hours by B.E. *Elizabethan*, and a ten-day holiday there, staying in first-class hotel, costs only 65 guineas inclusive. Shou you still have some foreign currency available, you co combine a restful holiday there with a stay at some oth Mediterranean resort. I would myself feel very temp to cross over to nearby Sicily.

Only nine short hours from Southampton, by the exc lent flying-boat service of Aquila Airways, and you ar in the island paradise of Madeira. Alternatively, there the sailings by the M.S. *Venus* every ten days fro Southampton to Madeira and Teneriffe. There is a mix ture of modern luxury and local charm in Madeira whic with the Canaries, offers as attractive winter holidays a any within reasonable easy reach of Britain.

For many generations now, the hotels in Funchal h been catering for British guests, and doing it so well t when you come to leave it is invariably with the intent of returning at some future date. Considerable improv ments, by the way, have just been effected at Reid making this hotel, which I consider to be as good as a in Europe, better still. It is essential, however, to m reservations in good time, for already bookings for th winter season are very heavy.

Many writers have described the charm of Madei But I would draw attention to the fact that while Funch is the only organised resort on the island, yet for tho who prefer to escape from their compatriots and like explore the magnificent countryside, there are country inn at Machico (ten miles east of Funchal), Santana (twenty miles north of Funchal), and Santo da Serra (fifteen mile from Funchal, by the golf-course), where I would be qu content to stay for a few days. Terms are about £1 a d with all meals. The accommodation and food is perfect satisfactory, but the number of rooms is limited. I dou

THE CHARM OF SEVILLE: This is one of the Spanish town's many picturesque alleys. Warmth and sunshine can be expected in winter in the resorts on the Andalusian coast of south Spain. From them Seville is easily reached and well worth a visit.

whether any travel agent would be willing to arrange a booking, but you could write direct. For further particulars, apply to the Portuguese Tourist Office in London.

I am sometimes asked which is the "best" place for a winter holiday: Madeira or the Canaries. This is a question I cannot answer, for it is entirely a matter of individual taste. However, there are these differences: the Canaries offer greater variety of scenery and interest than Madeira, and there is much less "British" atmosphere in most of the hotels. Again, there is the query regarding the relative merits of Grand Canary and Teneriffe, and once more I can only answer that some people prefer the one, some the other, but possibly the majority favour the latter. This is undoubtedly because Puerto de la Cruz, on Teneriffe, is one of the loveliest spots in the world, offers satisfactory hotel accommodation and is an ideal spot in which to laze and bathe.

While Aquila flying-boats go on, in certain flights, from Madeira to Las Palmas (Grand Canary), the M.S. *Venus* has as its destination Teneriffe. But there are other links between Britain and the Canaries, both by air (Iberia, changing at Madrid) and by sea (various shipping services). Internal air and sea services, by the way, maintain connections between the various islands of the group, so that you can, if you wish, escape into some fascinating spots. Lanzarote and La Palma (not to be confused with Las Palmas) are the places I can recommend, each one being quite different from the other, apart from the fact that both possess an excellent hotel—a Parador run by the Spanish State Tourist Department. La Palma, however, is rather difficult of access.

Lanzarote is surely one of the world's most fantastic islands, for part of its countryside resembles a landscape on the moon. There is one vast, lonely desolation known as the Montanas del Fuego (Mountains of Fire). Here is a desert of lava among broken craters where there is no sign of cultivation—nor, indeed, any sign of life. In some parts of this area the ground just below the surface is hot, but this does not interfere with walking.

The farming methods, too, on Lanzarote are unique, and there is some peculiar architecture. Should you go there at carnival-time (February or March), you will find the islanders behaving most strangely. The men go about with blackened faces, wear curious clothing, and indulge in a gibbering language. But for the rest of the year, apart from the Feast of San Gines, there is perfect tranquillity. Two or three friends of mine have stayed there and been delighted.

La Palma is entirely different, for it is luxuriantly fertile and certainly the most beautiful of the Canary Islands. The small capital and main port of Santa Cruz de la Palma is picturesquely situated on steep slopes, rather resembling Funchal, and here, on the sea-front, is the Parador. On the island many fine excursions can be made, including that to the Gran Caldera, an enormous crater, the largest in the world.

Finally, for the real escapist, content with very simple accommodation, there are the islands of Hierro and Gomera. Perhaps they are best suited to the curious-minded, but I found them fascinating. Like La Palma, communications to and from these islands are not very convenient.

A NATURAL AMPHITHEATRE BY THE SEA: In Funchal, the capital of Madeira, the buildings rise on an incline from the bay. For many years Funchal has been popular with British visitors, especially in the winter.

A FAMOUS ANDALUSIAN LANDMARK: The Moorish towers of the great Alhambra Palace of Granada dominate the town below. Granada is easily accessible from the Andalusian coastal towns. It is also a stopping-place on the itinerary of a winter tour in heated motor-coaches round Spain, which starts and finishes in the north.

USEFUL INFORMATION

For further information regarding the inclusive tours to Gibraltar, Tangier and Malta apply to your travel agent. The Portuguese Tourist Office (20, Regent Street, London, S.W.1) and the Spanish Tourist Office (70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1) can answer queries concerning Madeira and the Canaries respectively. The Spanish Tourist Service (4, West-Halkin Street, London, S.W.1) is useful for hotel bookings off the beaten track in southern Spain. The London Office of Malta's Government Tourist Bureau is, Malta House, Haymarket, S.W.1.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Gibraltar	Rock (1), Bristol (1).
Tangier	El Minzah (L), Rif (1).
Malta	Phoenicia (1), Tigne Court (2).
Marbella	Club Marbella (2).
Fuengirola	Alhamar (1).
Torremolinos	El Pinar (2).
Malaga	Miramar (1), El Limonar (2).
Seville	Madrid (1).
Funchal	Reid's (L), New Avenue (1), Atlantic (2).
Las Palmas	Santa Catalina (L), Parque (1), Lentiscal (2).
Santa Cruz (Teneriffe)	Mencey (L), Orotava (1).
Puerto de la Cruz	Grand Taoro (1).

L = Luxury. 1 = First category. 2 = Second category.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

A Biography of Michael Redgrave; Recollections and Memoirs by Three Distinguished Figures; Escapes and Adventures; A Coincidence of Titles; Fiction and Historical Romance

MICHAEL REDGRAVE—ACTOR (Heinemann. 18s.) is the biography of one who was born and brought up in the tradition of the theatre and who has become one of the leading figures on the English stage. Mr. Richard Findlater writes of his career with a nice balance between enthusiastic admiration and constructive criticism. The result is lively reading as much about the business of acting as about the man himself : intelligent, cultivated, devoted to the theatre and capable of a warm generosity and modesty in his tributes to the actors, such as Leslie Faber, who were the formative influences on his early work.

PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY (Allen and Unwin. 16s.), a book of essays, contains some admirable character sketches achieved in the limpid style that is Bertrand Russell's own and touched by his particular kind of individuality. Lord Russell has written here about history and about his own subject of philosophy, about why he is not a Communist and on how to grow old. All these pieces have their own value and their own humour. The author is especially delightful when he is writing about his grandfather, Lord John Russell, who was born in 1792 and "was more or less what would now be called a 'fellow-traveller,'" or about D. H. Lawrence, with whom his acquaintance was "brief and hectic," or about the Webbs—this chapter is as funny as it is penetrating—or about such figures of the past as John Stuart Mill.

A RENAISSANCE PRINCESS: This painting, entitled "A Princess of the House of Medici," by Angelo Bronzino (1503-1572), is reproduced on the dust-jacket of a volume of plates entitled "Child Portraiture from Bellini to Cézanne," by F. M. Godfrey, published by The Studio Ltd. at 42s. Notes on the portraits and on the artists accompany the 96 plates.

Lord Strang joined the Foreign Office in 1919 and retired as Permanent Under-Secretary three years ago. Since then he has tended his Cotswold garden, been active on many public-spirited committees and written his memoirs, HOME AND ABROAD (Deutsch. 21s.). These cover some of the most fateful years in Great Britain's foreign policy. If anyone thinks that a diplomat must be suave and reticent to the point of dullness, he will have a sharp but gratifying surprise on reading this book, which is never obscure but always extremely clear in its accounts of decisive meetings and negotiations, and lively without ever being indiscreet.

ONE MAN . . . MANY PARTS (Odhams. 25s.) is Lord Gorell's autobiography ; a study of a life that has so far had many facets, which has seen the author as soldier, statesman, publisher, educationalist and sponsor of aviation progress in turn. It is this diversity of interest that is one of the attractions of a charming, discursive and often amusing book.

While I was looking at some of the photographs that illustrate HEADS AND TALES (Cassell. 21s.), I knew that there was an elusive likeness to the author, Mr. Aage Thaarup, that I couldn't quite pin down, and then I thought of it—a character in *Alice*. Mr. Thaarup, however, is a very sane milliner, for all his bow ties and exuberance. He has been through a bad patch recently, but his career, of which he writes with such disarming candour here, seems set fair again, and indeed we wish it so.

Not people but buildings are the subject of the next two books, of which the first is, in fact, the biography of a cathedral, NOTRE DAME OF PARIS (Secker and Warburg. 35s.), by Mr. Allan Temko. This is an impressive and, as far as I know, original kind of work, giving the history of the foundation and of the building. It is illustrated by photographs of the statues and carvings as well as of the fabric itself.

With Hallowe'en approaching, I suppose it is a good and traditional moment for ghost stories as well as for apple-bobbing, and Mr. Joseph Braddock's HAUNTED HOUSES (Batsford. 21s.) will fill such a bill admirably, for he writes not only about castles and their attendant ghouls but about ghosts in theatres, ghosts in farmhouses and ghosts in barely detached suburban homes.

Mr. Henry Turner has been a Group Captain and an Air Attaché, and it was in the last capacity, at Warsaw, that he met a lovely young woman and determined to get her out of the country under the noses of the secret police. His failure and the imprisonment and trial are described by him in INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT (Wingate. 13s. 6d.) : an extraordinary document, none the less effective for its unprofessional style of writing.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (Collins and Michael Joseph. 16s.) is an escape-story the other way round and the first that I can remember reading. It has been written by Mr. Kendal Burt and Mr. James Leasor, based on the account of the Luftwaffe pilot, Franz von Werra, who was shot down in Kent in 1940, escaped from a P.O.W. camp in England, nearly succeeded in capturing a Hurricane, but was recaptured : escaped again in Canada, got to the United States and finally home, and was killed not long after. It is an account well worth having for the record.

AGAINST THE WIND (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is Mr. Cyril Rofe's own escape story and he has told it with a simplicity and a magnanimity that are only comparable with his admirable memory of human details. He was shot down with the rest of the crew of his Wellington in 1941, escaped from his Silesian *stalag* after three years and two attempts, crossed Poland mainly on foot and ended his march to freedom in a Cossack cavalry charge. A fantastic story of a very brave young Jew.

Now for one of those coincidences which are rarer than one might think—two books with almost the same title, published at almost the same time. PIECE OF CAKE (Peter Davies. 15s.) is Mr. Geoff Taylor's book about his last raid as a bomber pilot over Germany, his imprisonment and his final liberation by the Russians. He writes with typical Australian directness and his story deserves "Bomber" Harris's opinion of it—that "you will doff your hat to the Geoff Taylors of Bomber Command."

I think it is important that this heartening book of personal courage and endurance should not be confused with a novel by Mr. Charles Anthony, A PIECE OF CAKE (Blackwood. 12s. 6d.). It is highly adventurous and mildly entertaining and is all about smuggling across the Channel.

For those of us who like a peaceable novel in which the greatest problem is a man's uncertainty about his new job and his new girl, Mr. Stanley Kaufmann's THE VERY MAN (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is the very thing. The setting is New York, with occasional, highly-civilised peeps into California, Cuba and Bucks County, Pa., and the action, if not particularly swift, is as intelligent as the small talk. There is also some dialogue which is as funny as anything I have read this year.

Miss Lael Tucker is another American writer but her setting for THE DEEPER STRINGS (Heinemann. 15s.) is a village in the Pyrenees she knows well, and a musical festival a little like that offered in homage to Pablo Casals, five years ago. The novel is well-observed, a little self-conscious but not without its moving moments. Where the author is writing about music, she is at her best.

THE WEAVER'S KNOT (Werner Laurie. 15s.) has a very different kind of village as its background and as part of its argument : a small community on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire that depends entirely on its cotton mill and fluctuates with its fortunes. Mr. William Holt writes about the folk as if he knew them all and, even more effective from the reader's point of view, as if he had an affectionate feeling for them. The result is an authentic and vivid picture.

Writers of historical romances are represented in the first place this week by Mr. Thomas B. Costain, whose novel, THE TONTINE (Collins. 21s.), of more than 900 pages, would not be easy to overlook from any point of view. It is, as a matter of fact, extremely readable in its slightly mannered exposition of England in the nineteenth century. Africa, Jamaica, Bermuda and North and South America come into the story, too.

SETH MAKEPEACE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.) is by Mr. Frank and Mr. Vincent Tilsley and deals with cotton mills again. In this case they begin as pioneer industries of the late eighteenth century and survive till the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. Spirited writing, and well-documented.

ARCTIC SPRING

An Island in Canada's Far North

The island of Bylot lies 450 miles north of the Arctic Circle in the Canadian Eastern Arctic, where conditions are similar to those of the last Ice Age in Europe and North America. In June 1954 Katharine Scherman, her husband and a friend, all of them amateur ornithologists, set off with five scientists on a six-week scientific expedition to this island, which is a favourite breeding-ground for some thirty species of birds and where a multitude of hardy flowering plants carpet its tundra. On Bylot they saw the unfolding of an Arctic springtime, a subtle and exciting spectacle which dwellers in a temperate zone might find it hard to visualise. But such is the quality of Mrs. Scherman's writing that this land, devoid of trees and covered for so much of the year with ice and snow, becomes very real, and we can almost join in the life of its charming Eskimo people with their generosity of spirit, serenity of mind and happy outlook. SPRING ON AN ARCTIC ISLAND (Gollancz. 18s.) is a book of the highest quality by a gifted writer.

Immanuel Velikovsky is very much a prophet of doom. When in 1950 he published his *Worlds in Collision*, a rare commotion followed. Needless to say, the book's scientific validity was doubted, particularly by those most anxious to reject the author's far-reaching conclusions upon the subject of global catastrophes. In EARTH IN UPHEAVAL (Gollancz, in association with Sidgwick and Jackson, 18s.), the author follows up the same horrifying theme, adding new evidence from the record of the rocks of which our earth is composed. In other words, Velikovsky calls to the witness-stand the science of geology, the testimony of stone and bone, as he calls it. Following the trail of geology, the author shows that the earth has more than once been shaken within historic times by vast paroxysms, and that really no part of it has been exempt. The laminations of lakes, the retreat of waterfalls, pollen analysis, archæological finds, the drop in the ocean level, all point to external forces at work upon the globe, matching with the historical and literary traditions which Velikovsky has previously interpreted to reach the same conclusion. *Earth in Upheaval* is a most trenchant, if discomforting, analysis, but as to its validity—that is clearly going to be a subject for more earth-shaking controversy.

Here are two more volumes for the scientifically-minded. Lloyd Mallan's MEN, ROCKETS AND SPACE (Cassell. 18s.) tells in terms of human lives and individual endeavour of the new celestial world we are in process of conquering. Mr. Mallan is a member of the British Interplanetary Society and of the American Rocket Society, and he is in a position to take us behind the scenes during some of the most hair-raising experiments ever devised by man. The stories of how Major "Chuck" Yeager lost control of his aircraft flying at 1,650 m.p.h., and how Lieut.-Colonel Stapp rode a rocket sledge at 600 m.p.h. to test on himself the effect of a 1½-second stop, provide two of the highlights in this story of adventuring in the unknown. "Sandy" Powell's TEST FLIGHT (Allan Wingate. 15s.) is a book in the same vein. As former Assistant Commandant of the Empire Test Pilots' School, Powell has played a part in training most of the outstanding test pilots flying to-day. He shows us very clearly the difficulties, the dangers and the occasional drudgery of this vitally necessary work. Some excellent photographs aid the text. Few readers will not be convinced that test pilots follow one of "the most dangerous trades on earth."

Howard Hill has hunted and shot nearly every kind of game animal on the North American continent, risking his life in pursuit of buffalo, bear, wild boar, alligator and shark. Believe it or not, he does it all by bow and arrow. With a keen eye and a strong right arm, he has gone about his business, making himself undoubtedly the best-publicised among the foremost archers of the world. His HUNTING THE HARD WAY (Hale. 16s.) not only contains many stories of adventure, but step-by-step instructions on how to make bows and arrows.

Spike Hughes has written a traveller's guide to the GREAT OPERA HOUSES (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 32s. 6d.). Personal visits to twenty famous opera houses in fourteen cities in Italy, Austria, Germany, France and England have produced a most readable narrative. Operas that have triumphed and failed, the personal and artistic associations of famous theatres all go to the making of a most entertaining volume.

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Where Winter is warmer

Have a word with Cooks ; they know many attractive places where you'll find bright sunshine at a time when you least expect it. Whether you want to get away for a few days or several weeks, they can arrange just the type of holiday that you require. Here are just a few suggestions for inclusive holidays they have planned to give you winter warmth in carefree comfort.

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15 days' holiday, £39 5s.

For further details of these and other holidays ask for a free copy of "Winter Sunshine"

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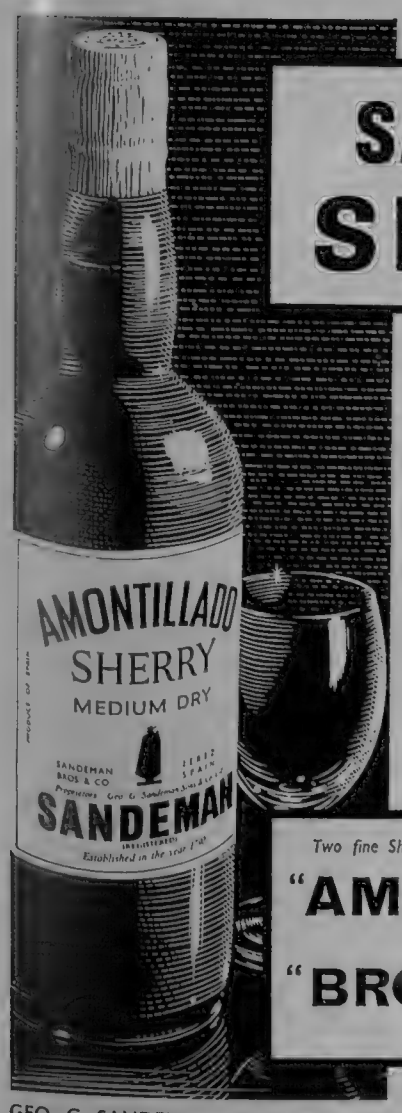

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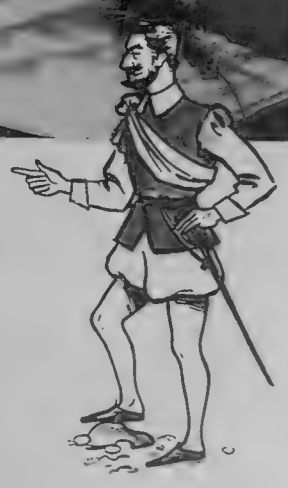
Bermuda

IN THE HEART OF WINTER



'Name's Somers. Sir George Somers. Got wrecked near the Bermudas back in '09. 1609. Seemed a likely spot, so I started a settlement. Never regretted it. Neither will you. It's bliss*!'*

In January the average day has about 5 hours sunshine and a temperature around 63°F. Frost and fog? Totally unknown. When you go to Bermuda, you leave winter behind. Instead, you find a coral island heaven, pink powdery sand, coloured clouds of flowers, islet-flecked sounds, dreamy days, glittering nights . . . *and* it's in the sterling area !

BERMUDIAN GOINGS-ON

Swimming, of course ; golf and tennis and sailing . . . Some exotic extras, too, such as water-skiing and big game fishing. There's the friendly social round of dining, dancing, dining, dancing . . . And Bermudian *dolce far niente* is really something!

BERMUDA IS MOST ACCOMMODATING

Nowhere else in the world is there such a profusion of fine hotels and guesthouses. Nowhere else is your comfort so well provided for.

BERMUDA IS VERY ACCESSIBLE

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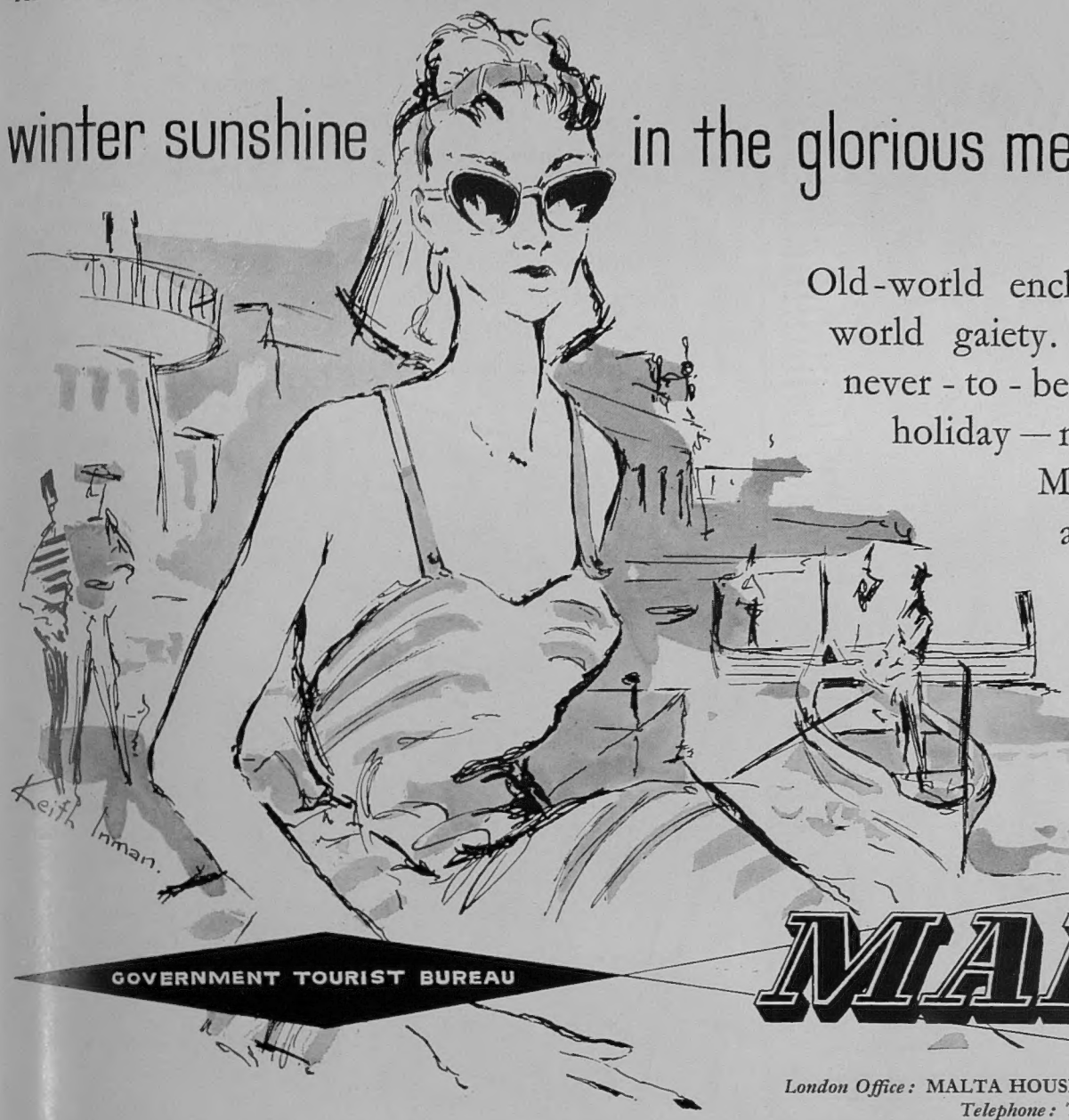

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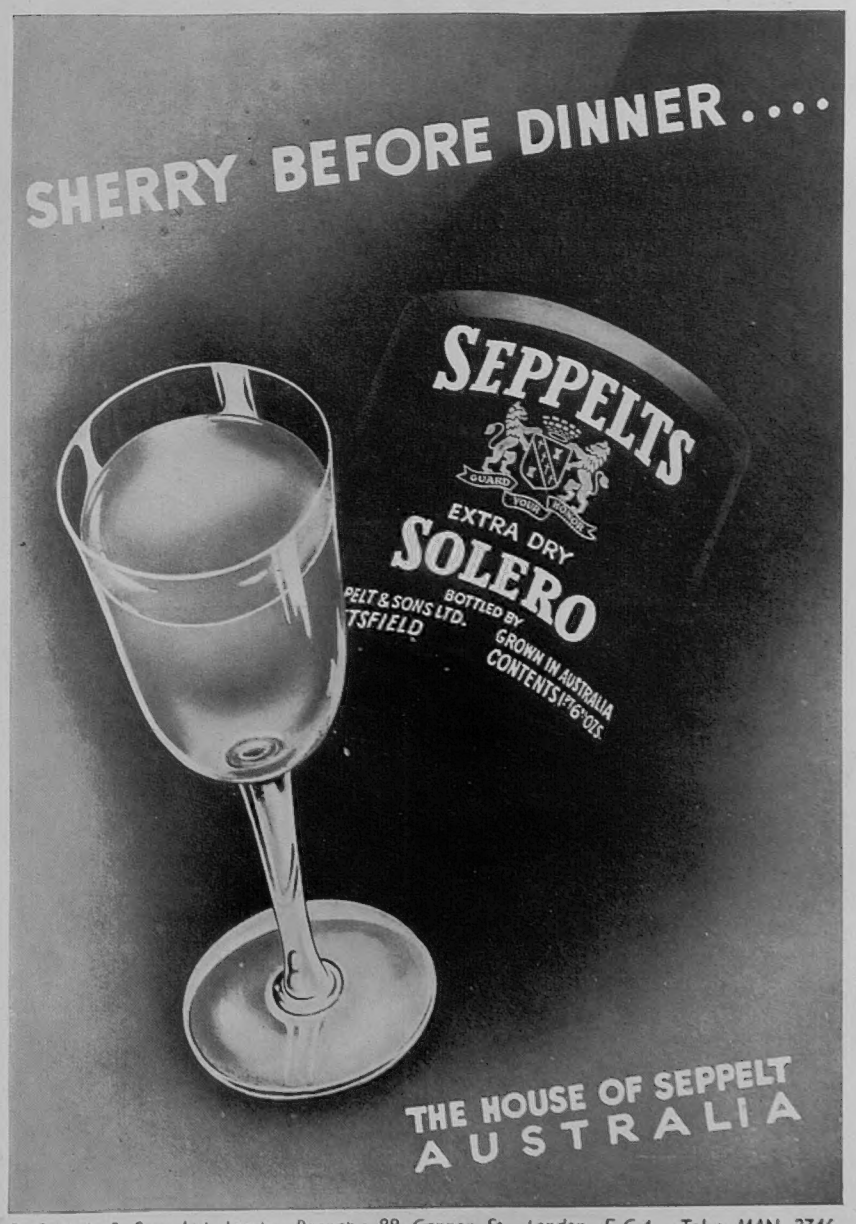

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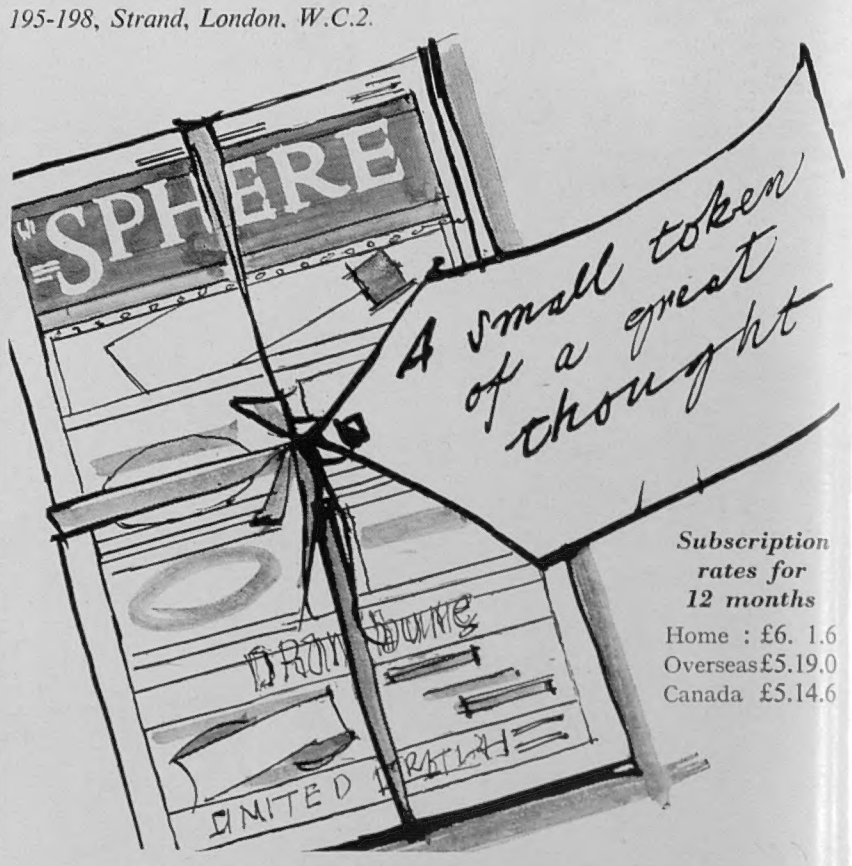

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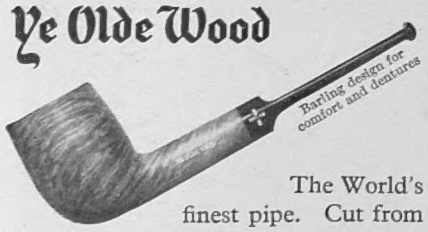

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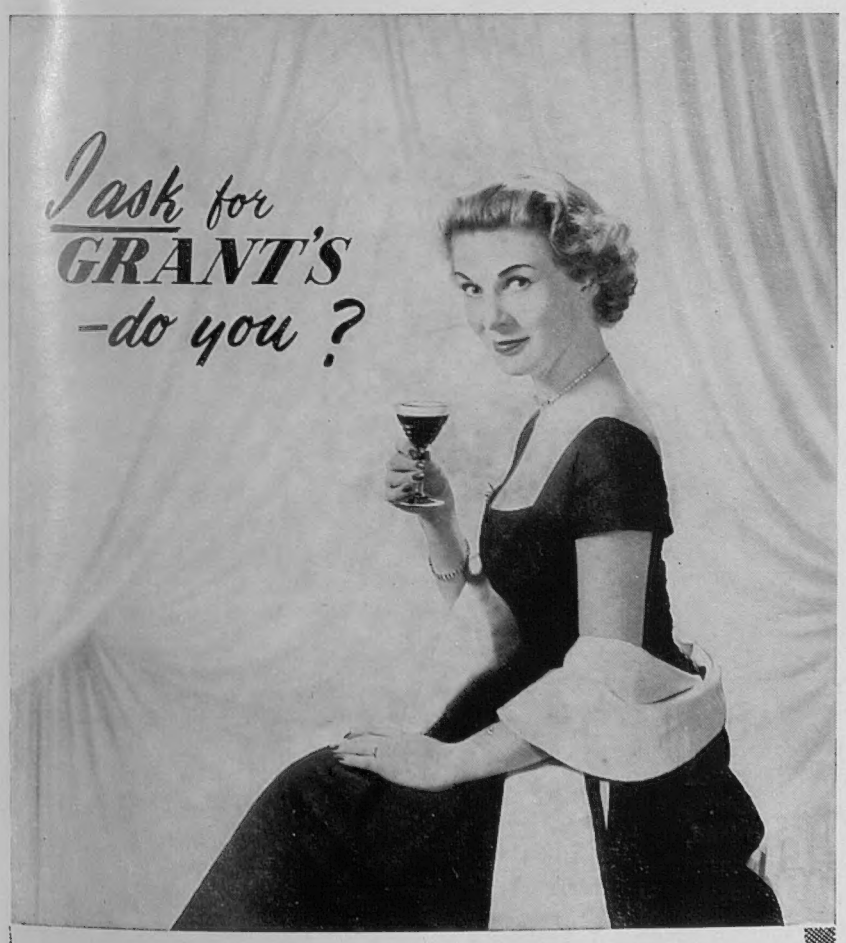

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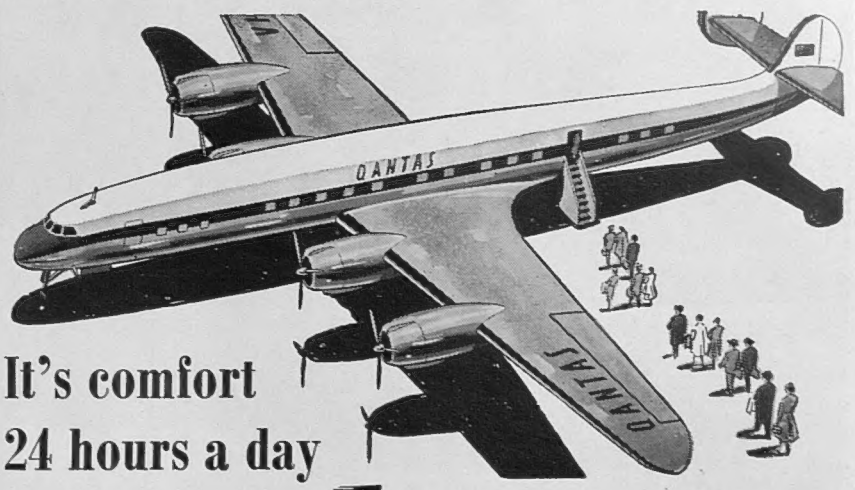

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